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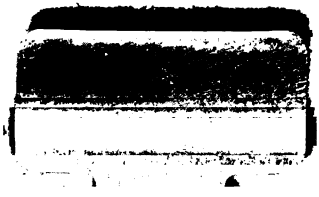

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Miscellaneous Poems.

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Miscellaneous Poems.

BY

THOMAS GILBANK ACKLAND, A. B.

OF

St. John's College, Cambridge.

In poetis, non Homero soli locus est (ut de Græcis loquar) aut Archilocho, aut Sophocli, aut Pindaro: sed horum vel secundis, vel etiam *infra* secundos.

CICERO.

—— This at least my little Work can say,
Above some volumes of the present day,
That nought will here insult the reader's eye,
Offensive or to Truth or Decency;
No modish vice it softens, to engage
The eager notice of a modish age;
No dark malignant hints are here thrown out,
To furnish scandal for my Lady's rout;
No scenes laid open to offend the eye
Or tinge the cheek of virgin Modesty;
No! ye who subjects such as these pursue,
Lay down my Book!—*It will not do for you.* INTRODUCTION.

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1812.

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DEDICATION.

TO—(NOT ANY RIGHT HONOURABLE, BUT TO) —THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE Printer's task was just begun,
And mine, I fancied, nearly done;
When, to my no small consternation,
Methought I heard the exclamation—
"A Book *without* a DEDICATION!
"Now, by Apollo and the Muses,
"For such neglect there no excuse is:
"Come, set your wits to work about one;
"Why, man, 'twill ne'er go down without one!"

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Alas, cried I, 'tis very true;
But—*whom* to dedicate it to?
That's the grand question;—" Oh! no matter,
" *Provided you can lie, and flatter!*"

But (to my shame it must be said)
I'm a mere novice in such trade;
So truly, if a DEDICATION
Be needful to my Book's salvation,
(And such the case, I'm much afraid, is)
I shall nor give it Lords nor Ladies;
But portion all I say or sing
In form and manner following.

All my *bright thoughts* to—those who'll *find* 'em;
My " *whips* and *scorns**" to—those who'll *mind* 'em:
To him I give the *serious* half
Who, while he reads it, *will not laugh;*

* HAMLET.

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My specimens of *comick* skill
To him who, when he reads them,—*will.*
And where, with fond officious hand,
Amidst this little motley band
The tender urchin, *Love,* has shewn
Some artless ditties of his own,
To whom can *these* with justice fall,
But—the dear *Subject* of them all?

And thus, at length, a DEDICATION
Gives ev'ry lay its proper station;
And for the *whole,* as it appears,
Nor swell'd by hopes, nor crush'd by fears,
Nor with, nor quite without, pretence,
I give it up with confidence
To those with whom 'twill want no pleader;
To—*ev'ry kind good-natured Reader.*

T. G. A.

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INTRODUCTION.

As the dramatick criticks of the day
Require a Prologue with an author's Play,
So, I am told, I too "*must write a line*
"*By way of Preface*" to these lays of mine.
"These things," say they who better understand 'em,
"Should not be sent into the world at random;
"But, some particulars announc'd before 'em,
"Be usher'd in with something like decorum."

Well then, my gentle reader, since 'tis so,
That all may now be settled *comme il faut*,
The friendly admonition I obey;
And *preface* thus each unprotected lay.

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Howe'er deficient in the varying art
By turns to raise and to depress the heart;
However void of learning and of wit,
Of season'd strokes each various taste to hit;
Yet *this* at least my little Work can say,
Above some volumes of the present day,
—That nought will here insult the reader's eye,
Offensive or to *Truth* or *Decency*.
No! Let the critick search, and search again,
For faults like these,—and he shall search *in vain*:
Shall own, whatever errors may be found,
At least its Principles and Morals sound.
No modish vice it softens, to engage
The eager notice of a modish age;
No dark malignant hints are here thrown out,
To furnish scandal for my Lady's rout;
No scenes laid open to offend the eye
Or tinge the cheek of virgin Modesty;

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No! Ye, who subjects such as these pursue,
Lay down my Book!—*It will not do for you.*
Your praise would blast my page, and damn my cause,
Censure from *you* will be my best applause.

But ye, great members of a glorious band,
Who shine the boast and honour of our Land,
And raise its fame by—*driving four-in-hand!*
Ye noble youths who, borne on Fashion's wings,
Look down with scorn upon all meaner things,
And with bold stride, which imitation mocks,
Mount the exalted regions of—the *Box!*
Who hold, with skill which wond'ring thousands hail,
The reins—not of the State but—of the *Mail!*
Ye too, who constant throng Newmarket's Course,
Deep-read in history—of ev'ry horse;
Who count it your chief glory to assume
The dress, the gait, the manners of your *Groom!*

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To you, ye *weeds* in Albion's flow'ry plains,
The daring Muse awhile directs her strains.

Haply these leaves ye may turn o'er, in haste
To light on something suited to *your* taste;
Some "*Hints on Driving*" hope perhaps to see;
"*New rules for Betting;*" or "*A history*
Of modern Racers, with their Pedigree:"
Expect that I shall dwell no little while
On—"*How to spank the Tits along in style:*"
Discuss the merits of contending *Whips;*
Or sound a panegyrick on *Eclipse:*
—If so, I'm griev'd, for *your* sakes, Sirs, to say
That truly you'll find nothing "*in your way:*"
Your pardon, Gents. I own myself a fool,
A very dunce in your distinguish'd school;
Ay, and, what's more,—(ye'll think me crack'd in brain)
Such dunce I purpose ever to remain!

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To herd with coachmen, black-legs, ostlers, "boots,"
My character nor disposition suits;
I own my want of *taste*; I own, to *me*
Disgusting would be such society:
And, since your notice I've presum'd to draw,
Excuse the bluntness of a "*Johnny Raw*,"
If freely he communicates *his* mind,
(And that of all the wiser better kind)
And tells you that the course which ye pursue
Disgusts beholders, and disgraces you!
Some worthless blockheads may perhaps exist,
Who pant to share the glories of your list;
Attend your *teams* through Bond-street or Pall Mall,
Gape, stare, and—"*Oh that they could do as well!*"
Some silly females too, who, foul or fair,
"*Must reach the Park to-day,—the Four-in-hand are*
"*there!*"

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These, as your wheels through hair-breadth space ye guide,
May swell with smiles your charioteering pride;
These too may softly simper—"*How divine!*"
"*Dear! 'tis so pretty.*"—"*La! how wond'rous fine!*"
"*Well! what a charming man Lord H. must be!*"
"*How sweetly too that coat becomes Sir G!*"
—*Such things as these*, ye fashionable crew,
May lavish praises on *such things as you*;
But—ask the judgement of the wise and good,—
They'll deal contempt on your whole brotherhood:
Sneer at the honours of your modern school,
Abhor the folly, and despise the fool.

For shame, degen'rate youths, forbear for shame
To squander *thus* your fortunes and your fame!
In those same arts to which ye bend the mind
Excel the lowest meanest of mankind:

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As first-rate *Whips* let your companions greet you,
—The first stage-coachman that ye meet will *beat* you!
Train best a racehorse,—bet too to the letter,
—The veriest black-leg still will do it *better!*
Then pause awhile! Awhile neglect your steeds,
And let ambition urge to nobler deeds;
Learn your own lawless passions to restrain;
O'er your own follies *hold a tighten'd rein!*
Pause! think! and act!—Forsake such worthless aims,
Nor slight your *Country's* for a *coachman's* claims!
What! Shall the sons of heroes who have led
Their Country's hosts, and for their Country bled;
Of those whose swords have conquer'd in her cause,
Whose prudent hands administer'd her Laws;
Of men who, firm in counsel and command,
Have stood, the bulwarks of their Native Land;
Say, shall a son of men like these appear
In the base likeness of—a *Charioteer?*

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Insult their ashes, trample on their tomb,
Masqued in the dirty liv'ry of—a *Groom?*
Forbid it honour! genius! virtue! shame!
Forbid it *all* that gilds a *Briton's* name!
—Ye noble few who grace th' ignoble list,
Be wise, nor longer in such path persist;
Dare to be *men!* Unto yourselves be true!
And quit the senseless, shameless, worthless crew.
Your Country calls! That Country which your sires
Lit up with glory's never-dying fires:
In *you* her hopes anticipate again
Their patriot virtues;—*must those hopes be vain?*

For the more harden'd portion of the tribe,
Which vents on such advice the scornful gibe,
Whose grov'ling thoughts in vulgar flight can soar
To *feats of Jockey skill,*—and to no more!

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For you, in *Jehu's* school ye would-be great,
The Muse indignant leaves you to your fate:
Laurels elsewhere to gain ye are not able,
And therefore wisely cull them from—the *Stable*.
Ay, ye may stare and swagger and deride,
And toss your brainless heads in scorn aside;
—"*Why, Jack! d'you hear him? what a flat it is!*"
—"*Ees dem'me 'po' my soul a downright quiz.*"
—"*Let's roast him, eh, Jack?*"—"*Pshaw! I'll read no more*
"*Of his dem'd prosing nonsense; curse the bore!*"

No more!—Pray who to read *so much* has taught you?
Now truly you're much wiser than I thought you:
Told be the fact to ages that succeed,
A member of the *Four-in-hand*—can *read!*
But, inconsid'rate youth! why thus *declare*
Th' enjoyment of a faculty so rare?

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Alas! the Club, too surely I foretel him,
For *such contempt of rules* must needs *expel* him.
—Illustrious victim of a harsh decree,
Lamented long and honour'd shalt thou be,
A martyr in the cause of A. B. C.!

And thou canst *read* then!—But alas, he swore
That of *my* "nonsense" he would read *no more*:
Cruel!—Yet here again his wisdom shines;
For—he *might* meet with some *unpleasant* lines:
RELIGION too has place amongst the band;
And *that's* a thing—he *does not understand.*
—Well then, adieu, ye wights! whip, spur, and drive;
Coachmen ye all *suit* best; *with Coachmen therefore live!*

But from these worthless triflers turns the lay
To those whom virtue, truth, and reason sway;

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To those who, e'en in these degen'rate days,
From Vice and Folly can withhold their praise;
Can pleas'd and satisfied peruse the line
Where lurk no thoughts impure, no warm descriptions
shine.

Ye virtuous Criticks, candid, just, and wise,
Your judgement I affect not to despise:
Your praise I covet; to *your* censure bow;
Nor rais'd too vainly high, nor sunk too meanly low.

For thee, poor Volume,—with no vain pretence
To wit unusual or unusual sense,
Still, should thy pages e'er have pow'r awhile
To sooth one care; one sorrow to beguile;
To calm the troubled soul; to chase a sigh;
To wipe the tear from suff'ring Virtue's eye;

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To plant a smile on Mis'ry's care-worn cheek;—
No higher fame my happy Muse will seek,
But, well-contented such reward to gain,
Will think she has not penn'd thee *quite in vain.*

And let vain witlings censure or commend,
Thou wilt possess *one* sure indulgent friend:
One partial judge will crown my humble lays
With that rich meed,—her dearly-valued praise;
In ev'ry thought *one tender heart* will join,
And throb responsive to the beat of *mine.*

Go then, my Book! This only let me say,
And usher thee at once upon thy way:
—By some thou wilt be scorn'd; be fear'd by none:
Amuse perhaps a few; CORRUPT NOT ONE.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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ON THE DEATH OF

THE REVEREND MATTHEW RAINE,

D.D. F.R.S. AND F.A.S.

HEAD MASTER OF THE CHARTER-HOUSE SCHOOL,

&c. &c.

His saltem accumulem donis. VIRGIL.

This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful muse may give. POPE.

WHILE pension'd minstrels weave the labour'd line,
And stab fair Truth at adulation's shrine;
While Fancy's hand the airy fabric rears,
And feign'd affliction mocks the Muse's tears;
Unhonour'd, say, shall talents, virtue, worth,
Unwept go down unto their kindred earth?

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The noisy strings while venal idiots sweep,
O'er her neglected lyre shall Virtue sleep?
Nor, while false trophies deck the titled knave,
Drop one poor tear upon the good man's grave?
Forbid it gratitude! The pious Muse
With trembling hand the mournful theme pursues;
And Feeling's tear will consecrate the strain
Which flows unstudied at the tomb of RAINE.

Rever'd instructor of my early youth!
Whose words were wisdom and whose precepts truth;
Who, sent o'er Learning's temple to preside,
Didst rear the pillar of *Carthusian* pride;
Deep in all *Grecian*, in all *Roman* lore,
Skill'd in the page which later ages bore;
Discreetly resolute, and mildly firm,
In whom the *Master* was no odious term;

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Who knew'st to temper dignity with love,
Submissive fears alike, and haughty threats above;
Whose judgment sound youth's various bent could scan,
And, while it taught the boy, foresaw the man;
Check'd the bold follies of licentious youth,
And train'd it up to virtue and to truth;
Bold to reprove, yet eager to commend,
At once thy pupils' Master, and their Friend;
—Oh were it mine with all the poet's art,
To probe the deep recesses of the heart,
Convey to ev'ry breast, in varied tone,
The mingled feelings which oppress my own;
The painful retrospect of youthful days,
The smile of candour and the look of praise;
The patient hand which infant Learning rear'd,
The mild reproof which, while it aw'd, endear'd;
These could I picture with that nameless skill
Which bends th' obedient passions to its will,

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Thrill ev'ry bosom with my pow'rful line,
And bid it beat in unison with mine;
—But vain the wish. Unskill'd to *paint* distress,
Or garnish sorrow with a gaudy dress;
To rear the torch, to cull the cypress leaf,
And lead my feelings through a pomp of grief;
My page no artificial numbers swell,
Studious alone *the simple truth to tell;*
Conscious of grief, a grief which passeth show,
I *want* the trappings and the suits of woe.

But must I fail then? No, lamented shade!
Thy spirit views the grateful tribute paid.
My early *Teacher*, and my later *Friend!*
Whose name I'll love 'till life itself shall end,
No hireling muse that slender tribute pays,
The worthless instrument of worthless praise;

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E'en while I write, the tears unbidden start
To tell—*it comes spontaneous from my heart:*
Tho' rude, affectionate; sincere, tho' brief;
The unbought line of unaffected grief.

Ah little thought the Muse thy kindness rear'd,
Whose tim'rous strains thy approbation cheer'd;
Little she thought her foremost page would show
The saddest task which gratitude can know:
Unfriended now she risks each infant lay,
No arm of thine to guide their dubious way:
But be it so! *This* poor attempt at least
Each gen'rous Critick still will hold releas'd;
This poor attempt, in which a grateful muse
With *Love's last meed* thy honour'd Name pursues;
And, worthily as her weak efforts can,
Thus fond records the *Friend*, the *Scholar*, and the *Man*.

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ENGLAND.

Ω φιλτάτη Γῆ Μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
Τοῖς νεῦν ἔχουσι κτῆμα. MENANDER.

.....Dear Land!
Dear for her reputation through the world.
KING RICHARD II.

ENGLAND! my native Land! whose rock-bound shore
Beats back the envious surge, and mocks its roar;
Nature's own fortress*! on whose hallow'd ground
Freedom secure a last retreat hath found;
Fain would the Muse attune her patriot lays,
A willing herald, to proclaim thy praise;

* This fortress, built by Nature for herself.
KING RICHARD II.

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But, conscious how unequal is the strain,
How weak her efforts, her attempts how vain,
Would, as she soars the unaccustom'd height,
Bespeak indulgence to attend her flight;
And, ere she further her bold aim pursues,
Ask English candour for an English muse.

And say, ye Criticks, whence that angry frown?
My little volume why *so soon* throw down?
What tho' no learning dignify the lay,
No strokes of art a master's hand display,
One modest grace attends on ev'ry line;
In one fair view e'en *my* attempts may shine:
For, while untaught essays my feeble hand
To paint the blessings of my native Land,
While ENGLAND is my theme,—of that I boast
Which best will prompt the lay, adorn it most,

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That, wanting all the meaner helps of art,
Warm and direct it comes from a *right English heart.*

Lives there the man, so despicably tame,
Whose heart ne'er bounded at its *Country's* name?
Caitiff! whom ne'er the patriot's ardour warm'd,
Whom never feeling's magick influence charm'd;
Rouse thy mean soul from its degrading sloth,
And gather virtue e'en of *foreign* growth:
From pois'nous weeds of foul *Rebellion* clear'd,
Go, cull the flow'r which WASHINGTON has rear'd!
Snatch the unfading laurels, as they bloom
In conscious pride round KOSCIUSKO's tomb!
Pluck the green palm, which, drench'd in patriot gore,
Still shoots its buds on LUSITANIA's shore!
Go, view—and, if thy cheek can harbour shame,
Oh blush to view—the growth of *Spanish* fame:

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Mark bold IBERIA's sons still dare the field,
Grasp still the patriot lance, still rear the patriot shield;
Bid Gaul's proud Tyrant cease his haughty tone,
And tremble on his blood-cemented throne!
Nor, chosen Leader of th' intrepid band
Which rear'd its front againt the Despot's hand,
Which fill'd his vet'ran legions with alarm,
And warn'd them how to dread a peasant's arm,
Be *thou* forgotten! Freedom's true-born child,
Who, train'd amidst thy native mountains wild,
Associate with a noble dauntless few,
Didst teach the foe what *Tyrolese* could do,
Long shall thy grateful parent weeping tell
How HOFFER conquer'd, and how HOFFER fell!

Now let the Muse from *foreign* themes desist;
BRITANNIA summons to *her* glorious list!

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And, as she turns Fate's gloomy volume o'er
For MARLB'ROUGHS, CLINTONS, ELLIOTTS, now no more,
Surveys with all the mother's painful pride
The spots on which a WOLFE, a MOORE have died!
Whilst mem'ry, swelling the illustrious band,
Now points to *Alexandria*'s burning sand,
Where Gallia's *vaunted Legion* * long shall tell
How, crown'd with conquest, ABERCROMBIE fell!
Now bids her for a lost CORNWALLIS mourn;
Now twines a pious wreath round matchless NELSON's urn!

But see! to chase the unavailing tears,
A brighter soul-enliv'ning scene appears:

* *Appropriately* styled by the French "The *Invincible!*"

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Alike in Honour's foremost ranks enroll'd,
A countless train of *living Brave* behold!
True son of Ocean, view the fearless *Tar*;
The *Soldier* vain of many an honest scar:
View, 'midst the crowd which press to danger's post,
A STRACHAN, SMITH, a SAUMAREZ, a HOSTE!
Prompt for the lists, and ardent for the prize,
On ev'ry side, lo! youthful heroes rise:
See future WARRENS, DUCKWORTHS brave the main;
BAIRDS, COOTES, and HUTCHINSONS, the hot campaign.
Crown'd with the trophies of a hard-fought day,
Lo! MAIDA's hero points to Glory's way!
While many a rising warrior's breast inspire
The zeal of BERESFORD, and GRAHAM's fire.
—But who is he that, seen above the rest,
Lifts high in martial pride his tow'ring crest?
He comes, the hero comes!—Ye chieftains dire,
Marshals of France, who set the world on fire!

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Quick give the word; no more inactive stand:

*Change your position**,—WELLINGTON's at hand!

Vict'ry's spoilt children †, sculk into the rear,

Hide your diminish'd heads—for WELLINGTON is here!

—On, valiant chief! let slaud'ring idiots bray;

Scorning *such* foes, pursue thy brilliant way;

Still let them rail; do thou their scoffs despise;

Above such puny opposition rise:

* *To change position*, is the *French* phrase for—*to retreat*. When applied to *the enemies of their country*, it is also used by *some Englishmen* in the same sense. *Vide* the Dictionaries of C——T, W————N, and others

"The friends of ev'ry country but *their own*."

† Massena—I beg his pardon—the *Prince of Esling* was christened by the French "*The spoilt child of Victory*;" and, like all other spoilt children, wanted a good flogging: which, thanks to Lord Wellington's discipline, he has at length *received*. The conduct and events of the campaign have proved that Lord Wellington has not only beat him when in action in the field, but has also, to use a common expression, completely *out-General'd* him, in planning, manœuvring, &c. So much for our "*never being able to cope with the French by Land!*"

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Such censure but the coward heart appals;
Do *thou* regard it—but to prove it false.

ERIN! The hero's *thine*.—But who shall say
Unsuited therefore to the *present* lay?
By mutual int'rests join'd, and mutual laws,
ENGLAND's is thine, and thine is ENGLAND's cause:
Unblam'd, brave Isle, then let the patriot line
Her's with thy laurels, thine with her's entwine.
Thrive they both long, beneath a cloudless sky;
Each blast of rude aggression long defy,
Graff'd on one sacred stem of endless *Harmony!*

But hold awhile! Say shall the Muse aspire
For *these* alone to strike the patriot lyre?
While she extols the executing *hand*,
Is there nought dué unto the *head* that plann'd?

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Abroad shall she for patriot spirits roam,
Careless of those which once have breath'd *at home?*
No. Whilst, invok'd in many a nobler line,
BURKES, CHATHAMS, CLARENDONS, and BURLEIGHS shine,
A muse, whose strains in humbler cadence fall,
Shall sound a *Name* as proud, and prouder than them all;
And, long as thought or utt'rance shall be free,
Proclaim that *Name* belonging, PITT! to thee.

Intrepid guardian of thy native Land,
Thine was the patriot's heart, the patriot's hand:
Deaf to the claims which common spirits bind,
Self own'd no place in thy exalted mind:
Britain alone, supreme in ev'ry part,
Reign'd the unrivall'd mistress of thy heart.

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For her, when *Nore's* infatuated band
Spread doubt and wild confusion through the land;
When *Treason* rear'd his bold rebellious arm,
And all was nerveless terror and alarm;
Didst thou, a fearless pilot at the helm,
Brave the fierce storm, and save the sinking realm:
Her willing slave didst thou in anxious toil
Wear out the day, and trim the midnight oil:
And, when of thy best hopes by *Treach'ry* spoil'd,
In thy vast plans for Europe's safety foil'd,
For her didst breathe thy last departing sigh,
A pious victim in *her* cause,—*didst die!*

Peace to thy ashes! rest, lamented shade,
And hallow'd be the spot where thou art laid!
Thou diedst not *all;* thy nobler part doth live*;
Thy name, thy deeds, immortal still survive:

* Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam. HORACE.

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And, long as English virtue shall exist,
So long, conspicuous on her noble list,
ENGLAND shall point to thy illustrious Name,
And bid her sons pursue thy track to fame:
Bid them possess 'midst ev'ry storm of state
A mind, like thine, unshaken and sedate;
Thy solid talents, thy neglect of *self*,
Thy fix'd contempt of sordid worldly pelf;
Shall bid on ev'ry statesman's breast be writ
This simple precept,—*Go and do like* PITT!

But hark! some angry reader, who 'till now
Had check'd his passion, knits his gloomy brow,
And vex'd, impatient, and no longer cool,
Flings down my Book, and d—ns me for a fool!

My gentle *Foxite!* be they wrong or right,
Nor FOX nor PITT need now your wrath excite;

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Cease, cease contention; spare that angry oath;
Suffice it now, that *we have lost them both!*
Both have now met their final earthly doom,
And *side by side* lie silent in the tomb:
Then with them there be all their contests laid,
Nor let us rake the ashes of the dead!
Be it our care, who have their loss surviv'd,
Of each their various talents thus depriv'd,
Our crafty foe's malignant hopes to cross,
And *join together* to repair the loss:
Our only contest, and our only boast,
Who in his Country's cause shall do the most.
Should we be call'd abettors of the foe,
Would not our cheeks with indignation glow?
Yet say, how better can we spread his toils,
Than by fomenting these domestick broils?
'Tis this he *seeks;* by this would he acquire
What else, he feels, he must in vain desire:
Let him *gain* this,—we let him gain his all!
ENGLAND, he knows, *united* ne'er can fall.

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Heav'n-favour'd Isle! whose praise my bosom warms;
Renown'd alike in letters as in arms;
Who proud canst claim as thine a sacred throng
High on the lists of Science and of Song;
ENGLAND! where first a BACON's genius shin'd;
A LOCKE unbarr'd the prisons of the Mind!
Where NEWTON, spurning earth's contracted bound,
Ardent in search of "hidden things profound,"
Struck from the path to meaner mortals given,
And soar'd on wings of thought sublime to heaven!
Where CHAUCER, ancient bard, with chere right mery,
Of pilgrimes that wolde wende to *Canterbury*,
Of gret *Cambuscan*'s swerd, and stede of bras,
The ring of *Canace*, and magike glas,
Of meke *Grisilde* did telle in diverse rimes,
Of *Knights* and *Monkes*, and fetes of aunciente times;
Where SPENSER next with allegorick hand
Did picture knights and ympes of *Faery Land*,
Chast *Britomartis*, you mote fynd her there,
The knight of the *Red-crosse*, and eke *Belphœbe* fayre;

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Where *Avon*'s bard, immortal SHAKSPEARE, drew
Creation's scenes in ev'ry varied hue;
Then, seated high on boundless *Fancy*'s throne,
Call'd forth a new Creation of his own;
Untrain'd in schools yet charm'd with artless grace,
And held the mirror up to Nature's face *;
Man's ev'ry passion felt, Man's ev'ry thought could trace;
Where classick JONSON's nicely-labour'd page,
Join'd *Art* with *Nature* to reform the Stage;
Where, his rapt soul contemning themes profane,
MILTON sublime caught the seraphick strain;
And, Place and Time obedient to his nod †,
Fearless th' extremest Empyréan trod;
Sang Angels and Archangels, Heaven and GOD!

* To hold, as 'twere, the mirrour up to Nature. HAMLET.

† *He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time.* GRAY; *speaking of* Milton.

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Where witty BUTLER scourg'd with rod satirick
The gloomy puritan and bold empirick;
Where DRYDEN's hand attun'd the golden lyre
To "swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire*;"
Where POPE ascended grave the *Critick*'s throne,
And taught "vain wits a science little known†;"
Or seiz'd keen Satire's dart, and pierc'd at once
The noisy pedant, and the shallow *dunce*‡;
Bade "*Windsor*'s hills in lofty numbers rise§,"
Or plac'd *Belinda's Lock* beyond the skies;
POPE, whose rich muse in added splendour bore
Grecian *Mæonides* to Britain's shore‖;

* DRYDEN's *Alexander's Feast.*
† *Essay on Criticism.*
‡ Alluding to his poem of "*The Dunciad.*"
§ *Windsor-Forest.*
‖ Alluding to his Translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of *Homer.*

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Or now aspir'd, confest his nobler plan,
To "vindicate the ways of GOD to Man*;"
And "spite of pride, in erring reason's spite*,"
Taught the great truth,—*Whatever is, is right!*
Where THOMSON led fair Nature's train along†,
Through sweet variety of rural song;
Where, rapt in *nightly thought*, YOUNG glanc'd his eye
From Earth to Heaven, from Time t' Eternity!
Where COLLINS wildly pour'd th' *impassion'd*‡ lay;
Where *wak'd th' Æolian lyre*§ ethereal GRAY,
Or toll'd at eve "the knell of parting day‖;"

* *Essay on Man.*

† Alluding to his poem of "*The Seasons.*"

‡ Alluding to his celebrated ode of "*The Passions.*"

§ *Awake, Æolian lyre, awake!* GRAY'S *Ode* on the *Progress of Poesy.*

‖ *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.*

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Where CHURCHILL penn'd the bold sarcastick line;
Indignant COWPER lash'd the *prig Divine**;
Where, "sad historian of the pensive plain †,"
Sweet GOLDSMITH tun'd *deserted Auburn*'s strain;
Or *travell'd* now "remote, unfriended, slow,"
By banks of "lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po ‡;"
With *Angelina* sought the Hermit's cell,
Or *stoop'd to conquer* spleen by frank *good-nature's* spell §;
Where FIELDING, STERNE, pitch'd high wit's sportive note;
An ADDISON, a BURKE, a JOHNSON wrote;

* See his *Task*. Book II.
† *Deserted Village*.
‡ *Traveller*.
§ Alluding to his Comedies of "*She Stoops to Conquer*," and "*The Good-natured Man*."

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—ENGLAND! my Home! whose wreath of letter'd fame
Can boast of these, and many an *added* Name*;
Be but thyself; rest to thyself but true;
No hostile arts, no force shall make thee rue†.
Still ev'ry depth of Science shalt thou sound,
Still view thy sons with Honour's chaplet crown'd;
Dread of the earth, and mistress of the sea,
Still proudly rear thy head pre-eminent and free.

Now pause, my Muse! From harsher notes abstain;
And strike the chords unto a softer strain:

* In the foregoing lines a few Names have appeared, which are not perhaps exactly suited to a piece whose Title is "ENGLAND." *Thomson* and *Goldsmith*, for instance, were not *Englishmen.* But since they wrote and flourished in England, they were inserted with the less hesitation: more particularly as they add so much to the richness of the group.

† ———— Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. KING JOHN.

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Say, shall we sing of ENGLAND, and forbear
To notice in the lay the *English Fair?*
The *English Fair,* throughout the world renown'd!
For such neglect what pardon could be found?
No, speed we to the task.—And list awhile,
Ye fairest, sweetest flowers of our Isle,
To one, who as no rigid judge appears,
To thunder "*female follies*" in your ears;
Nor censor-like to scan each failing o'er,
Exhaust the list, then *manufacture* more!
No. Let such cynicks rail; be *their's* the plan
To show the Sex "*beneath the care of Man:*"
Far other purpose his, who pens *these* lines;
No jewel in *his* eye, like WOMAN, shines.
He holds, 'midst ev'ry ill which Heav'n may send,
WOMAN, sweet WOMAN, *Man's peculiar friend:*
Her presence can the painful hour beguile,
Smooth the sick couch, and gild it with a smile;

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Her soothing cares can chase the gath'ring frown,
Can make the bitter draught of Life go down;
And, when all other earthly comforts cease,
And the torn soul in vain *looks out for peace,*
Afflicted Man, beneath a weight of care,
Can lean on WOMAN's breast, and *find it there.*

Endow'd with ev'ry captivating grace
Which decks the mind, or beautifies the face;
Rich in each virtue that adorns the heart,
In ev'ry nice accomplishment of art;
Beware, ye lovely Females, oh beware
Of *Fashion's* wiles, of *Fashion's* silken snare;
Nor, because *some* disgrace their sex and name
By deeds, for which they know no tinge of shame,
Think *yourselves* licensed to perform the same!
Oh, shun the tribe! Turn from their vile retreat,
As from the deadly viper at your feet:

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Their lures invite you,—but, oh keep aloof,
Nor e'er set foot beneath their hated roof:
Yield to them once,—and from that moment cease
All private comfort, all domestick peace!
—"But, dear!" cries some fair maid, and checks my pen,
"Why don't he talk to us about the *Men*?
"He's *sleeping* sure! he tells us nought about 'em!
"Pray does he mean us all to do without 'em?"

No, my fair monitor, I've *not* been sleeping;
I see you've got a heart—you're tir'd of *keeping!*
Then mark the muse; nor give the prize away
To any trifling coxcomb of the day;
Who, after some short month perhaps or two,
Would love his *horse* as much—or more than *you!*
Nor let *exteriors* plead a suitor's part;
Too oft, alas! they hide a worthless heart:

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The deadly poison may be sugar'd o'er;
The fairest fruit be rotten at the core!
But favour least of all *his* worthless cause,
Who laughs at *sacred* things, and *sacred* laws:
Choose such an one,—and mis'ry must ensue;
False to his GOD, will he prove true to *you?*
No, trust me, no! whate'er the tale he tell,
He'll fill *no* character, *no* station well:
Friend, Husband, Father, Subject, Citizen,
Religion's scoffer is the worst of men.
Keep then with care thy unsuspecting heart,
Nor lightly with the precious treasure part:
Keep it to bless some faithful virtuous youth,
Who'll give you for it—*one of equal truth:*
And oh ye Fair! such husbands would ye find,
If ye would win the virtuous noble mind,
If ye would make the manly heart obey,
Bend not yourselves to *Affectation*'s sway:

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Nor, while ye boast such *native* beauties rare,
Let *foreign* weeds their healthful growth impair:
Oh shun with watchful and suspicious eye
French airs, *French* morals, *French* philosophy:
Be *English* still! *Yourselves* a model show;
And scorn to ape the vices of a Foe.

Nor be ambitious e'er with Males to vie
In feats of masculine activity:
Be your's those softer charms, those arts refin'd,
Which best bespeak, best suit a *female* mind:
And this remember,—that whatever aid
Derive from gems, silks, satins, and brocade,
'Tis *Modesty*, which best a *Woman* decks,
The brightest badge and jewel of your Sex.
'Tis this, 'tis Nature, not the tricks of Art,
That will subdue the truly *English* heart:

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Tho' fools and coxcombs may such charms despise,
They'll surely gain to you the good, the wise:
In vain against you will they take the field;
Be but yourselves!—The stoutest *He* must yield.

Hear then, ye Fair! Attend the friendly lay,
Nor heed what disappointed cynicks say.
He whom experience has taught to know
How *female* softness feels *another's woe;*
He who has known you slight the gay parade,
For the coarse bed where Penury was laid;
He who has watch'd the slowly-stealing tear,
The eye lit up by hope, or dimm'd by fear.
Has seen the smile your cares have help'd to raise,
The cheerful hearth your mite has caus'd to blaze;
Can let the veil o'er venial errors fall,
And own—*your virtues far outweigh them all.*

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Hail gentle CHARITY! Thy genial rays
O'er *English* plains, through darkest clouds, can blaze.
E'en while Bellona drives her blood-stain'd car,
And ev'ry coast returns the sounds of War,
Thy milk-white banner ALBION still can rear;
The tale of woe a Briton still can hear:
His heart howe'er War's sterner claims may fill,
He'll find some corner left for *Pity* still;
And while one hand directs th' avenging steel,
Can use the other, Mis'ry's wounds to heal;
With this repel the proud insulting foe,
With that dry Sorrow's tear, and raise dejected Woe.

Yes, gen'rous native Land, be thine the boast,
That many a soul on fortune's billows tost,
Thy friendly arm, stretch'd out in time to save,
Hath rescued from the overwhelming wave;

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Hath borne him sinking through the tempest's roar,
And, fainting, trembling, brought him safe to shore.

Nor to *thine own* thy Charity confin'd;
It spreads to ev'ry nation, tongue, and kind.
Behold where, quitting its paternal Land,
Fam'd BOURBON's Remnant seeks thy envied strand;
While to thy shore each loyal subject flies,
To find that refuge which his own denies.
Rous'd from her trance, and daring to be free,
Spurning her chains, IBERIA turns to *Thee;*
Nor turns in vain. At once thy treasures flow,
Thy fleets, thy armies,—all thou canst bestow;
SPAIN, arm'd *in Freedom's cause,* no longer is thy foe.
But hark, what cries of anguish rend the air!
Mark that wild scream, that look of dumb despair;
Ascending flames lay waste the fertile plain;
Sons, fathers, husbands groan among the slain:

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Infants in vain their trembling arms expand;
Lisping for life they fall, beneath the murd'rer's hand!
Ill-fated regions! doom'd a helpless prey,
Where'er th' Invader bent his blood-track'd way,
She whose compassion knows no selfish laws
Partakes thy griefs, and execrates their cause:
The open heart, the lib'ral hand may show,
ENGLAND can feel for LUSITANIA's woe *.
And thou, brave Prince, allow'd by fate to reach
In smiling hour Britannia's friendly beach;
GUSTAVUS! Thou, no more compell'd to roam,
Thy perils past, enjoy'st the wish'd-for home:
A home which ENGLAND grateful doth supply
To thee, her warmest, firmest, best Ally †.

* Alluding to the Subscription, in this Country, for the relief of the *Portuguese*, suffering from the atrocities committed by the *French* armies.

† Since these lines were written, this gallant, but ill-fated,

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Another comes! whom hostile regions bore!
A self-doom'd exile to fair ALBION's shore.
—O! thou, whose heart is dead to ev'ry tie
Of blood, of nature, or of sympathy,
Ruthless NAPOLEON! if thy harden'd brow
Shame ever visit, let it mantle *now:*
Now, when, compell'd thy fiend-like rage to fly,
Thy kindred e'en beneath an *English* sky
Seek shelter from a *Brother's* tyranny!

But ah! behold how chang'd the smiling scene;
What threat'ning clouds of sorrow intervene!
Ill-fated strangers! envious Fortune still
Treads on your steps, and marks your path with ill:

Monarch has quitted our shores. His object in so doing has not perhaps been ascertained: but, whithersoever he goes, the wishes of *England* and of *Englishmen* will be with him. On, brave Prince; "*I pede fausto!*"

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For lo! where comes a dread prophetick band,
Denouncing death to this once happy Land!
Ah yes! farewell to safety and to fame,
Farewell to all which ENGLAND once could claim:
ENGLAND *herself must fall!* Too sure the blow;
For W————N, W——E, C———T, *tell us so!!!*

Alas! so soon, ye *patriot* worthies, say,
Must all our Island's boasted strength decay?
—Forbid it Heav'n! Nor let fair ENGLAND's peace
Be blasted by such enemies as these!
Dear native Land! where countless blessings shine,
Where ev'ry peasant bends at Freedom's shrine,
Reck not the clamour of this crafty few,
This serpent-tongued, this self-nam'd *patriot* crew:
Leave them to vent their *patrietick* gall,
To rant of ENGLAND's woes, and ENGLAND's fall;

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Or let them, if so worthless in their eyes,
Quit the blest spot they know not how to prize!

Do thou, my Country, scorn their proffer'd cares;
Thy fate is held in higher hands than their's.
And may that Pow'r which ev'ry act ordains,
That GOD who Heav'n and Sea and Earth sustains,
Long with benignant eye regard thy shore,
And shield thy warriors 'mid the battle's roar.
Thine be it still to check the Tyrant's hand,
To stand the champion of each injur'd Land;
Proud to maintain thy Liberties *, thy Laws,
Untam'd, unbroken in a righteous cause;

* There are many *worthy* persons, who, though very little concerned for the *true* liberty of their country, have however the utmost respect for what is by several mistaken for it; I mean *licentiousness*, or a free power of abusing the *King*, the *Ministry*, and every thing great, noble, and solemn.

FIELDING.

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To view thy conquering banners wide unfurl'd,
Thy commerce spread throughout th' admiring world;
Thine to excel in ev'ry art of Peace,
To see thy corn and wine and oil increase;
To clothe the naked, set the prisoners free,
Prompt at the call of soft humanity;
To sooth and heal affliction's rankling smart,
Raise up the fallen, bind the broken heart;
Abroad to VICTORY rear the trophied dome;
And bend to VIRTUE's hallow'd shrine at home.

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THOUGHTS ON SUNDAY.

Un dévot aux yeux creux, et d'abstinence blême,
S'il n'a point le cœur juste, est affreux devant Dieu.
L' Evangile au Chrétien ne dit en aucun lieu
Sois dévot;—il nous dit, Sois doux, simple, équitable.
Car, d'un dévot souvent au Chrétien véritable,
La distance est deux fois plus longue, à mon avis,
Que du pole antarctique au détroit de Davis. BOILEAU.

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. YOUNG.

HARK, where the merry chime of village bells
Sends forth rude harmony, and ushers in
With early greetings the great Day of rest;
The Christian's Sabbath!

Welcome, hallowed Day!
On which, Creation's wond'rous work complete,

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Rested th'*Artificer Divine;* and thron'd
Above all heighth, beheld his works were *good**!
While round him all the Sanctities of Heaven,
Cherub and Seraph, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions,
Shouted his praise, and with Hosannas loud
Hail'd a created World.

Welcome great Day!
On which (by Wisdom Infinite ordained)
From labour Man and Beast alike take rest,
And universal Nature bows the knee
In adoration meet to Nature's GOD!

But be it done with cheerfulness! *That Eye*
Which searches into *hearts*, if they be pure

* GENESIS, I. 31.

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Looks not for a "sad countenance*;" *that* GOD
Who not the outward seeming doth regard,
But penetrates the inward thoughts, loves best
That tribute which is paid with pious joy
And cheerful gratitude. The *Christian* sure
Hath, of all others, the least *cause* for sadness;
Last be he to affect it then in prayer,
It looks so like ingratitude to GOD!
In forc'd austerity and gloomy look
He hath no pleasure; and the *Christian's* prayer
Needs no such outward helps as these to grace it.

What says Religion then to those, whose frowns
Would banish from each face the cheerful smile
Of innocent enjoyment; would forbid

* MATTHEW, VI. 16.

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The pure delights of social intercourse;
Damp honest mirth, and chill the glowing heart;
And make the *Christian's* hallowed festival
A day of "lamentation, mourning, woe*."

Gloomy enthusiasts, specious hypocrites,
Ye who "make clean the outside of the platter†"
Say then,—*doth* GOD *forbid a Man to smile?*
Doth He who rais'd and form'd him from the dust,
His last best work, gifted with faculties
Which fit him for Society, denounce
Society as sinful? Doth that GOD
Who first created, and from fallen state
Redeem'd him afterward, doth He desire,
Man should address him with a clouded brow,

* EZEKIEL, II. 10. † MATTHEW, XXIII. 25.

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And in the tone of grief? Doth He not rather
Expect from him the swelling note of praise?
Bids He his creatures prove their gratitude
By slighting all the goods his bounteous hand
Pours forth for their enjoyment? Doth He ask,
Or doth it please Him, that they set at nought
The varied blessings which his Providence
Hath strewed across their path, and plunge themselves
Into despondency?—Go, for your answer
Go search the *Volume* which, by base perversion,
Your notes, your glosses, and false inference,
Ye try to wrest to your own purposes:
Go, ask it whether God doth will his creatures
To be the *things* ye'd have them, and to live,
As ye preach up they should, secluded quite
From every social and endearing tie,
Regardless of his gifts, sunk in despair,
And steel'd against the world;—In every page

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'Twill answer—*No! ye self-deluded, no!*
There ye will find that not by outward looks,
By a "sad countenance," nor by "much speaking *"
God is well pleased. He looks into the *heart!*
While prayers for show made long †, "vain repetitions ‡"
And trumpet-sounded alms § want value with Him,
He looks benignant on the humble Widow
That casteth in her mite ‖; and th' listening Angel
Bears up with favour to his Mercy-seat
The prayer of the good lowly Publican,
"O, God! be merciful to me a sinner ¶!"

* MATTHEW, VI. 7.
† LUKE, XX. 47.
‡ MATTHEW, VI. 7.
§ MATTHEW, VI. 2.
‖ MARK, XII. 42.
¶ LUKE, XVIII. 13.

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TO *******.

AFTER HAVING GIVEN HER A LOCK OF MY FATHER'S HAIR.

*******, my love! at Ackland's hand receive
A pious relick from affection's store;
And trifling tho' it seem, dear girl, believe
He could not give thee aught he values more.

With precious tears my off'ring thou bedew'st,
And serious thoughts thy gentle breast engross:
Alive, his virtues and his worth thou knew'st,
And now canst join with me to mourn his loss.

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" Alas!" thou criest, " my Ackland, see 'tis *grey!*"
—Care, more than Time, the envious deed had done:
Good man! he should have liv'd a longer day,
A little longer liv'd to bless his son.

Thou sigh'st; and how that sigh thy love endears!
But He is gone, is happy, and at ease!
Then cheer thee, love; let Ackland dry thy tears;
Pious the kiss which dries such drops as these.

And when my little gift shall meet thine eye,
Do not the thought connected with it shun;
But, for the *parent* while thou heav'st a sigh,
Give a kind thought, my *******, to the *son*.

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A WARNING.

If we are to be relieved from any evils, under which we may at present labour, by means of this *new light*, I for one beg leave to enter my solemn protest against the idea. The doctrines upon which it is founded are, as I have already said, false, shallow, and presumptuous; more absurd than the most pestilent theories that were ever engendered by the disordered imagination of man: more hostile to the real interests of mankind, to national prosperity, to individual happiness, to intellectual and moral improvement, than any tyranny by which the human species was ever afflicted. And, for this *new luminary*, shall we abandon the polar star of the British Constitution, by which we have been led to happiness and glory; by which the Country has supported every danger which it has been called upon to encounter, and risen superior to every difficulty by which it has been assailed?

PITT's *Speech*, on Mr. GREY's Motion for a *Reform in Parliament*. May, 1797.

WHEN, train'd in wiles, Sedition's desp'rate band
First aim'd destruction at fair GALLIA's Land;
Leagued 'gainst Religion, Government, and Laws,
What was the specious watchword of the cause?

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What their pretext who rais'd the fearful storm?
Oh hear it, *mark* it Britons,—'twas *Reform!*
Hence war and rapine rag'd with fearless sway,
And daring murder brav'd the face of day;
Hence, borne away by Revolution's tide,
Full many a loyal gallant Frenchman died;
FRANCE, which renown'd among the nations stood,
Became one wide-spread theatre of blood;
And her proud eagle droop'd, and flagg'd his wing,
As Treason's bloodhounds glutted on their *King!*
In sway successive hence each low-born knave
Slaughter'd that Country he profess'd to save;
Hence devastation stalk'd throughout her plains,
Hence now she groans beneath a Tyrant's chains.

ENGLAND! My Country! is the *Warning* vain?
Despisest thou th' admonitory strain?

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Forbid it gracious Heaven! and incline
Some Muse of nobler energies than mine
To touch in bright and animated song
The theme to which these weaker strains belong;
Oh prompt some bard of more than wonted fire
To strike with pow'r divine the patriot lyre;
Whose voice may warn his Country of the foe
That lies in wait to strike th'assassin's blow;
May wake to timely caution and alarm
The listless soul, and nerve the palsied arm;
May quench the flame which Faction's breath has fann'd,
And speak conviction to his native Land.

Blest Isle! where Heav'n still show'rs its gifts around,
ENGLAND! alike in arms and arts renown'd;
Where Justice, not Oppression, points the spear,
And smiling Plenty crowns the fruitful year;

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Where all conditions do their comforts bring,
Where ev'ry Subject is himself a King;
Where equal Laws their wholesome sway dispense,
The rich man's boast, the poor man's best defence;
Where in pure verdure blooms the *genuine* Tree
Of civil and religious Liberty;
—Oh hear the *warning* voice! attend the lay
Which bids thee heed not what *Reformers* say!
Look back to GALLIA's fate! and shun the crew
Who'd act that bloody tragedy anew:
Heed not their rant of "*Freedom*" and "*New light*,"
Who would thy Freedom sink in endless night;
Oh heed them not, my Country! Turn thine eyes
To *Gallick* scenes; survey them,—and *be wise**!

* What do the *Reformers* want?—Do they want more Liberty? Can they point out a corner of the earth where there exists so much as they possess? Can they not accuse and censure ministers, and blame any public measure?—Thank God

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" Presumptuous fool!" some hot *Reformer* sneers,
" Think'st thou thy trash will win a nation's ears?
" What tho' our aims *be* such as you define,
" ENGLAND will ne'er be sav'd by lays like *thine*."

Alas! the Muse will no excuses seek,
She knows her pow'rs, and knows them to be weak;
My thoughts could I in *equal language* trace,
Oh could my pen with my full heart keep pace,

they can. But is not this a proof that there *is* real Liberty in this country? Let them go to *Paris* and say one syllable against the most obnoxious measure, not of Buonaparte, but of his ministers of the lowest rank,—they will soon find themselves in a dungeon, or on their route to *Cayenne*.—GOLDSMITH'S *Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte*.

Before I went to *France*, I also was a *Reformer;* but I was *only* a Reformer: I am afraid some of our present Reformers mean a *Revolution;* I know their aim. Could they succeed in what they hold out to the Publick as a *Reform*, they would endeavour to bring about a *Revolution*. IBID.

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—But no: the wish from honest ardour grew;
To *will* great ends is all *my* muse can do:
Then be *that* boasting mine; and, for my lay,
Why let it e'en pursue its noiseless way:
From meanest causes great effects have come;
A worthless *goose* once sav'd imperial ROME!

Oh might these lines but equal glory claim,
No better task I'd seek, no loftier name;
Tho' hosts of witlings should their sneers let loose,
Proud in such cause to be the *English* goose!

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TO BELINDA,

WITH

A SET OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS*.

—When good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Dear Belinda,

Accept from the hand of your friend
The contents of a packet he ventures to send;
They'll pay carriage at least; and, howe'er you receive it,
The donor means well, and I trust you'll believe it:

* The Lady to whom these lines were addressed is a great admirer of Mr. K——e's histrionick powers; it will be seen however that the saucy Muse has here carried that admiration still further.

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I cannot get "*beautiful* K——e," 'tis true;
Or would e'en pack him up, with old SHAKSPEARE, for you:
But, tho' send him I cannot, some good-natur'd sprite
May do't in a DREAM on a MIDSUMMER-NIGHT;
Or, while rages the TEMPEST, your fancy may trace
The dignified charms of your *Prospero*'s face;
View him, minor *Whips* scorning, hold tight *four-in-hand*
Earth, *Air*, *Fire*, and *Water* beneath his command;
And, far 'yond the reach of mortality's eyes,
Seize his magical whip, and crack dash through the skies!
In your passion, fair maid, may you never be cross'd,
With you may it never prove LOVE'S LABOUR LOST;
I have heard it asserted (but whether 'tis true,
We'll leave to be settled by Cupid and you)
That your fav'rite holds *women* his notice beneath;
If to *you* he shows this, you may throw in his teeth,

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That *women* have charm'd men than K——e much
greater;
And pat quote him ANT'NY AND Queen CLEOPATRA.
In short, let him turn up his nose as he pleases,
And rail against *women* as plagues and diseases,
He would gain, I can tell him, a treasure in you;
And one thing at least I'll ensure him as true,
He would ne'er have occasion for TAMING THE SHREW!
Faith my wiseacre wits, dear Belinda, foresee
Many points in which you and your spouse will agree:
If that *you* on the Stage should appear he should choose,
AS YOU LIKE IT so much, you can never refuse:
When TWELFTH NIGHT too arrives, and you *draw King*
and Queen,
What an excellent *King* will *John K——e* be seen!
He's at home in such parts; and therefore, *sans* doubt,
KING JOHN will all rivals completely cut out:

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But I hope, should some *other* draw King of the night,
Mr. *K*——*e* will calmly allow him his right;
And not, like MACBETH, himself aim at the Crown,
And, the first one who stands in his way,—knock him down!
I trust he knows better; for Fortune, I wot,
Will not always apportion the Crown to *his* lot:
Besides *John*, there'll be candidates Neds and Toms twenty,
And HENRIES, and RICHARDS, and others in plenty:
But, should he indeed put himself in a passion,
You must gently begin, somewhat after this fashion,
With—"Pray, my dear *John* to this strife put an end,
"And surrender the Crown with good grace to your "friend;
"Consider our party; we now not alone are;
"'Mongst the rest we've TWO GENTLEMEN come from "VERONA:

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" And do but reflect with yourself what they'll say,
" If they see you to rage so unmanly give way:
" No more for this Crown, for this bawble then fight,
" Which, after all, makes you but King for a night;
" 'Tis so childish; as well for a toy might you cry,
" Or, like TITUS ANDRONICUS, mourn for a *fly* *;
" By such quarrels as these, my love, pray do not pain
" us:"
—Coax him thus, and he'll yield, as did CORIOLANUS †.
But let not your thoughts be too strongly express'd;
Lest, enrag'd and grown mad, in the midst of the feast
To your party's dismay he the table should climb on,
And throw plates at their heads, like th' ATHENIAN
TIMON ‡!

* Act III. Scene 2.
† Act V. Scene 3.
‡ Act III. Scene 6.

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—But oh I dare swear you'll be excellent friends,
And for all little foibles he'll make full amends:
There are husbands indeed who ne'er think of their wives,
But to curse the poor things as the bane of their lives;
Nay *some*, who would e'en, like PERICLES, 'tis said,
Screw them down in a strong box before they were dead*!
Not such, dear Belinda, thy fate I foresee;
No husband can e'er deal so hardly with thee:
Thy HAMLET will ne'er his *Ophelia* resign,
And condemn her unheard in a *Nunn'ry* to pine†:
No. Thy K——e and thou to deceivers and rovers
Shall live a rare sample of conjugal lovers:
On a fine summer's morn, oh! how sweetly you'll roam,
How sweetly spend long winter evenings at home;

* Act III. Scene 2. † Act III. Scene 1.

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Then, whilst o'er his bread and his cheese and his ale,
He'll beguile the long night with some long WINTER'S
TALE;
Or perhaps you'll write verses; oh then with what pleasure
Will your K——e return to you MEASURE FOR
MEASURE:
Then, while in domestick enjoyments thus blessed,
Oh ne'er to your TROILUS prove a false CRESSID!
The best may be slander'd; for slanders await all;
But wounds such as these do not often prove fatal:
While CYMBELINE's daughter, chaste *Imogen*, slept,
From his *Trunk*, you may read how, *Iachimo* crept*;
And, by notes and remarks which her person he made on,
Induc'd her poor husband to think her a bad one†:
But Time the foul bandage remov'd from his eyes,
And taught him more justly his jewel to prize‡:

* Act II. Scene 2.
† Act II. Scene 4.
‡ Act V. Scene 5.

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Thus, trust me, all slander's reports will expire,
And the gold of your fame come out pure from the fire.
Your monitor still, I would fain hold to view
A rule or two more which I'd have you pursue;
Imprimis, indulge not the fatal delusion
Of living in riot and thoughtless profusion;
You may think it quite *comick*, and laugh at my spleen,
But the COMEDY 'll prove full OF ERRORS, I ween:
Have no dealings with *Jews*, lest a *Shylock* arise;
Read the MERCHANT OF VENICE,—a word to the wise!
For your children,—all tinsel adornments above,
Train them up in obedience, in virtue, and love;
Form their hearts to be tender and grateful, or fear
The *tooth of the serpent**, and fate of KING LEAR!

* ——— Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child. KING LEAR.

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Nay, laugh not to hear such a serious discourse,
'Twere good for some folks if advice had more force;
Had he stay'd but at home with *Calphurnia*, to please her*,
Th' *Ides of March* had not finish'd poor JULIUS CÆSAR;
But oh he must go to the *Senate* so bold!
Well, he went; and there died† as his fates had foretold.
Then scorn not advice; mark the cautions I give,
And as MERRY as WINDSOR'S two WIVES will you live;
So fond and so faithful, so warm and so true,
Even princes shall envy your K——e and you;
As constant as ROMEO AND JULIET'S your love,
So ill-fated I trust tho' it never will prove;

* Act II. Scene 2. † Act III. Scene 1.

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May his fondness each day grow more ripe and more
mellow,
But never oh never make *him* an OTHELLO!

And now, dear Belinda, methinks 'tis high time
For your blundering poet to finish his rhyme;
Already indeed I half fear you'll have said
That his lines MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING have
made;
Still a *postscript* he'll add, and he adds it with pride,
'Tis—his love, his best wishes to all your Fireside!
Come, *that*'s not so bad; 'tis a long tale I tell,
But I'm sure you'll allow that ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
WELL.

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ON

VIEWING A SPLENDID MONUMENT.

Why what avails now this sepulchral pomp
Him that is rotting in the dust beneath it?
Sleeps he the sounder, for that o'er his head
Is raised such a gaudy canopy?
No. He who lies hard by, with but a turf
Thrown o'er him, sleeps as sound.—Why then 'tis vain!
Vain all these pains bestow'd to rear a pile
For worms to fatten in! 'Tis folly's work;
The pageantry of idiots; rais'd perhaps
To tell, a knave lies here!—These trophies too,
These painted scrolls, apt representatives
Of worldly pride,—will my Lord bear them hence,

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And at Heaven's gate bid them make good his title?
—How pitiful is greatness!—But forsooth,
So wills the world, the rich man, when he dies,
Must moulder splendidly, and turn to dust,
Cas'd in a marble outside!—Weak defence!
Th' Archangel's trump will burst its solid walls,
And will the soul find more acceptance then,
For that the body is so gaily housed?
Scripture says *not*, I think.

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STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO THE VILLAGE OF ———.

Movemur enim, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum quos diligimus aut admiramur adsunt vestigia. CICERO.

DEAR tranquil seat of innocence and ease,
Where Nature's hand her fairest hues hath spread;
Here once again I court th' autumnal breeze,
Yet once again the wonted path I tread.

Still as the varied landscape meets my view,
Some well-known object strikes my wand'ring eye;
The stile where oft I've sat, yon churchyard yew,
Yon rustick porch alternate claim a sigh.

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Dear smiling village! smiling still *thou* art,
Not so is he, whom keen remembrance sways;
What sorrow do thy sweetest scenes impart
To one who courted them in happier days!

How does fond Mem'ry's busy pencil trace
The times when 'midst thy groves a *Father* stray'd;
The happy times when oft with loit'ring pace
Together we have sought thy evening shade.

Here would he point thy beauties out to view,
And smile, and chat, with all a father's joy;
Or, warmer as the *parent's* feelings grew,
Look eloquent affection on "his boy."

Peace to thy shades! Oft hither will I flee,
Oft 'midst these scenes a pensive hour remain;

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Sacred to *him* their solitude shall be,
Who ne'er alas will look on them again.

And when that evening rises to my view,
When with my ******* through thy paths I stray'd,
Fond *Recollection* shall my grief subdue,
And heal the wound *itself* before had made.

Oh lovelier still, still dearer have thy groves
E'er since been held by Ackland's grateful heart;
Sacred to *him he mourns*, to *her he loves*,
At once do they both grief and joy impart.

And when kind Heav'n at length shall make me blest,
And give my ******* to my faithful arms,
Oft hand in hand we'll seek these scenes of rest,
And fondly pause to contemplate their charms.

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Then, when thy sober shades shall call to mind
Days when a *Father* lov'd to wander here,
In *******'s bosom will I comfort find,
My *******'s hand shall wipe the filial tear.

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TRANSLATION *

OF SOME GREEK LINES, INSERTED IN NO. I. OF

"THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL," PAGE 143.

PAUSE traveller! If born 'neath English skies,
Pause, and behold where England's saviour lies!
Keen and resistless as th' electrick flash
His eloquence the proudest could abash;
While, soften'd by the honey of his tongue,
Charm'd by those lips on which persuasion hung,
Anger and Discord cool'd their frantick heat,
And couch'd submissive at their conqu'ror's feet.
Foil'd by his counsels, deep as they were vast,
E'en Europe's guilty Tyrant shrunk aghast;

* In the original, the lines are supposed to be inscribed on the *statue;* in this translation, on the *tomb* of PITT.

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While, stedfast bulwark of a tott'ring Throne,
Unsapp'd by force or art, PITT *stood alone*,
Like some proud tow'r by winds and storms unmov'd,
To guard the land which more than life he lov'd:
And, when his nod might instant wealth ensure,
(Stare, corrupt world, to find *one* Statesman pure)
He who commanded Nations, PITT,—*died poor!*

But, ye who lov'd him, cease the mournful strain,
Nor more indulge a grief, alas so vain!
Be this the proudest trophy o'er his bier,
That they who most oppos'd his bold career
Now gild that radiance which they sought to dim,
And in their words, their actions, *copy Him.*

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TO MERCY.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As Mercy does. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

MILD heav'n-born Goddess, hail! whose pow'rful sway
E'en stoicks own, and savages obey;
Swell'd by mad rage, by deadly hate inspir'd,
By malice clouded, or by vengeance fir'd,
Thy tender pleadings tame the furious soul;
And hold the angry passions in controul:
And as the Prophet's pow'r, to Israel shewn,
Drew gushing streams from Horeb's rock of stone,

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Alike with sacred and resistless force
Thou too canst ope compassion's dried up source;
Command the long forgotten tear to start,
And force a channel through the flintiest heart.

View the bold Warrior in th' embattled plain,
View him unmov'd amid the piles of slain;
Stern honour leads him, and his country's call,
For these he vows to conquer or to fall;
Behold where, lion-like, he fights his way
Through marshall'd ranks, 'till vict'ry crowns the day!
Then mark the richest trophy of his fame,
The brightest ray which gilds a Soldier's name;
That hand, which grasp'd in fight the vengeful blade,
The battle o'er, behold stretch'd out to aid;
Those whom but now he gloried to oppose,
Vanquish'd, he counts no longer as his foes;

Digitized by Google

But proves by manly sympathy and care
A Soldier's noblest virtue is—to *spare;*
That, prompt when Honour, Courage, Duty call,
He yet can *mingle Mercy with them all.*

In justice firm, experienc'd in the laws,
Behold the Judge revolve the culprit's cause;
Anxious meanwhile some brighter tint t' explore,
To gild the picture guilt has shadow'd o'er:
And e'en at last, when no auspicious ray
Appears, one gleam of sunshine to convey,
When public good forbids the lenient hand,
And Pity droops at Duty's stern command,
E'en then, when Justice claims the doom severe,
He gives to *Mercy*, all he may,—a tear!
Hence willing thousands own his upright sway,
Bless while they bleed, and while they groan obey;

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Beneath his rod his milder virtues scan,
Revere the *magistrate*, and love the *man*.

Say, what bespeaks the Monarch truly great?
Not that he sits enthron'd in regal state,
Not that a crowd of vassals bend the knee,
Not all the pomp, the pride of royalty;
There is, will grace his name with more renown
Than jewel'd diadem or ermin'd gown;
'Tis *Mercy!* With his sceptre he may awe,
May shew his temp'ral pow'r, enforce his law
"But *Mercy* is above this scepter'd sway *,"
And sheds around his throne a more than earthly ray.

O! Thou, first sent with heav'n's benignant smile,
And still preserv'd to bless this favour'd Isle;

* MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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Whose gentle sway, through *fifty* arduous years,
A grateful people's gen'ral voice reveres * ;
Here let a bard unvers'd in flatt'ry's art,
Whose language knows no prompter but his *heart*,
While he to *Mercy* strikes the feeble string,
Hold up her brightest model in his *King!*
Shed o'er his humble page a borrow'd fame,
And give it force by adding GEORGE's Name.

Belov'd, admir'd, rever'd in ev'ry age,
The *man*'s first boast, the *Christian*'s truest badge,
O! *Mercy*, come! within my bosom dwell,
Each vengeful wish, each ranc'rous thought dispel;

† Alluding to the general *Jubilee.* Of course therefore these lines were written previous to the present afflicting malady of an excellent and venerable Sovereign. Although to human eyes little hope remains, may it yet please the divine Healer of every infirmity to "raise him from his bed of sickness and of affliction, to sooth his parental cares, to *restore him to his family and to his people!*"

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Teach me to banish ev'ry selfish care,
Let ev'ry one alike my pity share;
Teach me, sweet Goddess, at thy tender call
To view my fellows' woes, and viewing *feel for all!*

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A

TRIBUTE TO A MODERN PATRIOT*.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo? HORACE.
Say with what bonds† you'll hold this Proteus fast.

——————————— Hang you—trust you!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate;
Him vile that was your garland. CORIOLANUS.

O! THOU, whatever name thou aimest most at,
Patriot, deserter, libeller, apostate,

* In the following lines *nothing* is advanced concerning the *versatile* talents of their subject, which a reference to *his own works* will not establish.

† *Quo nodo?* Literally—with what *knot?* There are, who would recommend for the purpose a certain *hempen* knot; the knot *à la Ketch.*

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C———, all hail! whose bold licentious page,
The blazing fire-brand of a sluggish age,
Brandish'd by thee with patriotick ire,
Nobly essays to light sedition's fire;
Whose rhet'rick strong bids t————n's hopes revive,
Tells wretched Englishmen what *slaves* they live;
And in their dull cold ears unceasing rings
How mean to crouch to ministers and kings.

'Tis true, *Detraction* (that malignant shrew
Which always doth the *great* and *good* pursue)
May bluntly ev'ry pregnant line assail,
And say that *once you told a diff'rent tale!*
That once as loudly you maintain'd the cause
Of monarchs, princes, ministers and laws;
D—nd demagogues, and rais'd a wordy storm
'Gainst Revolution, Riot and *Reform;*

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May tell you that your censure and your praise,
Worthless alike, can nor depress nor raise;
That they were angels once and demi-gods,
Whom devils now you call and senseless clods;
That pens, once "pure," you now denounce as "hir'd;"
And whitewash those whom once you most bemir'd:
All this, and more perhaps, the jade may spread,
—"*Well, let her! d—n her!*"—Come, that's nobly said;
And well I know, great C———, that *thy* mind
The hacknied rules of men can never bind;
Thy soaring spirit greatly doth despise
Honour and Truth, as common worn-out ties:
What! shall bold genius, such as thine, be bound
Within *consistency's* dull slavish round?
Shalt thou, like vulgar candidates for fame,
Be always forc'd to think and speak *the same?*
Thy *country's good* be ever bound t' advance?
Forbid it *Interest!—Forbid it* FRANCE!

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No! be it thine such bondage to disdain,
To turn and change, and change and turn again:
Thine the *convenient* conscience, to declare,
As suits thee best, white black, wrong right, foul fair;
To-day to scourge the victim with thy rod,
To-morrow hail him as a very god!
One year to praise thy monarch's gentle rule,
The next,—*his bed of sickness ridicule!*
Thine to extol the land which gave thee birth,
Then curse it as the vilest spot on earth;
Now on her warriors long eulogiums write,
Then vow that "*none but French know how how to fight:*"
PITT's talents, virtues, glories to rehearse,
"*His country's saviour*" now, and now "*his country's curse;*
B———T to call "*a s———l, madman, t———r;*"
Each of his friends "*a rogue, a gallows-hater;*"
But Int'rest's vane veers round a point,—and then
The worthy Baronet's the first of men!

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Thine be it all oppression to dispute,
Women and *boys* thyself then persecute;
To mark each culprit wheresoe'er he tread,
And cry for vengeance on his guilty head;
Each knave and convict then to show'r applause on,
Whom vile tyrannick *Law* has laid its paws on;
Loud to support each constituted Pow'r,
Then change your tenets with the changing hour,
Denounce *Attorneys General* as Furies,
And rail 'gainst Judges, Sentences, and Juries!
Thine too to hail the year with plenty crown'd,
Then stoutly swear "*no corn is on the ground;*"
And boldly lash with the satirick rod
Those who for Plenty *dare*—to *thank* their GOD*!!!

* Yes! will ear believe it?—This virtuous patriot *sneered* at the idea of offering up "*A Prayer and Thanksgiving*" for the abundant Harvest of 1810. *O! Shame! where is thy blush?*

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These be *thy* aims! Nor let *Detraction*'s art
Shake the firm purpose of thy *patriot* heart;
Tho' Honour blush, Truth weep, and Virtue bleed,
Let not great C———— from his path recede;
What's *foul* to-day, to-morrow *fair* you find,—
What then?—You've thought it fit to *change your mind*;
Perhaps your *reasons* could aloud rehearse;
Perhaps have *private* reasons in your—*purse.*

Then on! brave soul! nor thy proud efforts cease,
Still stab at *publick weal*, and *private peace*;
The main-spring still of ev'ry action,—*pelf*,
Be false, be shameless; be, in short,——*Thyself!*

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THE COUNTRY CURATE.

There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Has *He*, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

BEATTIE.

All the descriptions of the life of a good *Country Clergyman*, from the time of Chaucer to the days of Goldsmith, represent it as the happiest, most useful, and most respectable that can be imagined.

EDGEWORTH, on *Professional Education*.

RISE honest Muse! Leave the licentious world,
The powder'd beau, the fawning courtier,
And purse-proud lordling; leave the paltry things
To songsters worthy of them! e'en to *you*,
Ye shadows mere of men, ye pension'd knaves,
Who smile, and cringe, and lie, and make black white

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For the best bidder; who let out your pens
As trumpeters to the first scented fop
Who'll pay your price. Come, blow the venal blast,
And earn your wages; see, your master waits!
Quick sound his name and titles to the world,
And blazon forth the virtues he has—*not!*

Thou tickling sound to catch men's ears withal,
Seducing phantom, unsubstantial vision,
Smooth *Popularity!* How doth the world,
E'en at expense of every other good,
Through every dirty, every dangerous path
Press after thee! So, when the traveller
Benighted views the dancing vapour's gleam,
Instant with eager step and eye intent,
Allur'd, he quits the beaten path he trod,
To follow his false guide through pond and pool,
Marshes and miry bogs, and learns too late

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He hunts a shadow! Weak enthusiasts,
Who follow after *popular applause*,
When will ye learn correctly to esteem
Its insignificance? Oh when, ye fools,
Will ye be wise?—For the degraded tribe,
Slaves of your pride, who for a dirty fee
Enlist into your service pen and ink,
Ransack o'er adulation's catalogue
For mighty-sounding words, and drain to th' dregs
The pool of flattery; your fame's purveyors,
Who go a catering for your characters,
And furnish you by *contract* with a *name*,—
Each generous bard with indignation looks
On their foul doings. Rise then, honest Muse,
For, humble tho' thy strains, honest thou art,
No *master's* orders urge thee to thy task,
Thee nor the smiles of Power and Wealth allure,
Nor frowns intimidate; thy sole design,

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Harmless to fill with thy rude minstrelsy
A vacant hour; thy dearest best reward,
In this and every lay, the *unbought* praise
Of *one* congenial, *one* kind valued heart*;
Join'd to the honest self-approving thought
That *Vice* can catch at nought thou e'er didst pen,
And say "*That's friendly to me!*" This thy boast,
That pure Religion's votary most austere,
Truth's strictest advocate, the virtuous Wife,
And the chaste Virgin, may peruse thy page,
Nor meet with aught to blush for. Rouse thee then!
And sing, while Friendship furnishes thy theme,
The COUNTRY CURATE.

Far from busy towns,
In one of rural Nature's favourite haunts

* — Her applause to me is more than fame.
BEATTIE'S *Minstrel.*

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Low stands his little mansion; on one side
Protected from the mid-day's scorching sun
By an old row of elms; a grassy slope,
Nature's fair carpet, in the front extends
Its blooming verdure, elegantly neat:
Behind, laid out with wild unstudied taste,
His garden, more for use than show, supplies
Each season's early produce; to the north
Runs a small stream, beyond whose daisied bank
A meadow yields its pasture to a cow;
Who grateful gives her daily recompense,
Crowning his board with her nectareous sweets.
Around, the distant country bounds the view.

Within, no costly furniture is seen,
No gaudy decorations, gay attire,
(Ill could his purse afford such luxuries)
But all is simply useful, simply neat:

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His table such as suits his humble means,
Not deck'd with dainty viands, but well spread
With wholesome frugal fare. A Wife he has,
But two revolving suns have seen her his,
And one fair babe; sole prompters, partners, they
Of all his cares, his sorrows and his joys.
His Ellen had possess'd his heart entire,
'Till this dear pledge of their connubial love
Came to steal part of it; oh theft most holy!
Union of ties most pure! when child and mother
Hold their joint seats in the fond father's heart.
Surely, if aught on earth with heavenly joys
May dare to hold comparison, 'tis *Love!*
Pure, lawful, *wedded* Love! Love *such as this!*

And you, ye Great, ye Wealthy, and ye Proud,
Ye pamper'd, sleek, and overgrown Divines
Well-benefic'd, who roll along our streets,

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Each in your chariot, who esteem GOD'S HOUSE
But an *Exchange* to traffick in, who count
Your annual thousands, and shew forth the *Priest*
More by *good living* than by godly lives,
Think not this humble Minister repines
At his low lot, or courts your eminence;
Judge ye he would exchange his calm retreat
For your publicity? do ye suppose
He would his innocent enjoyments barter
For guilty pomp, and pleasure such as your's?
—Then blush to hear that he despises it,
Holds you bad stewards, unworthy labourers
In GOD'S rich vineyard; and while he, good man,
After his toils, with holy confidence
Can lay his hand upon his heart, and say
"*I've done my duty!*"—while he is repaid
For every labour by his Ellen's smiles,
And clasps a happy, tho' a humble, wife;

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While he hangs o'er his little innocent
Hush'd at its mother's breast, and in a kiss,
Bestow'd on each alternate, testifies
At once the husband's and the father's love,—
While such his sterling joys, he looks for none
Less solid; he in an approving heart
And these dear objects is supremely blest.

And yet, with honest zeal Friendship would ask,
Whence springs this inequality? Say, why,
While the proud Rector fattens on his gains,
Must the poor Curate starve?—"*What!*" with a frown
Roars out some portly Pluralist, puff'd up
With priestly consequence,—"*What! would you feed*
The Master and the Journeyman alike?"
—Most reverend Sir—(nay stare not, ye grave Clerks,
Such answer has been made!)—your argument
Is truly most convincing, and withal

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Most charitable, *Christian*-like, and just:
I did forget myself most treacherously;
What! a rich Rector meanly condescend
To manufacture sermons, tend the sick,
And christen squalling brats,—absurd the thought!
Enough, that you are *burden'd* with the *fees;*
Your's 'tis to go as your desires may lead,
And leave the cares of ministry, the toils
Of duty to be waded through by those
To whom such *menial* offices belong,
Your liveried Curates, your liege *Journeymen!*
That too for some poor *forty, fifty,* pounds,
(Truly a noble share, it must be own'd,
Out of *twelve hundred!)* while to them perhaps
And these poor wages a beloved wife
And infant offspring look for sustenance:
Nay, haply too the father's ceaseless toils
Enervate his worn frame, and introduce

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Sickness and care, where before beam'd content
And the glad flush of health; alas 'tis so!
I've known it. But what then?—*You would not feel*
The Master and the Journeyman alike!

Oh cogent argument! And yet methinks
(The *modish* world must pardon me the thought)
Things *should* be ordered otherwise. With *some,*
With *many* Charity would hope, *they are.*
Far be it from the Muse lightly to speak
Of those, who with their lips and with their *lives*
Adorn their holy calling! I have known
(And still do know) such men.—Reader! if here
My own more private thoughts appear awhile
To force themselves upon you, bear in mind
How hard the task to quench affection's flame,
To quell each fond emotion, to repress
The line which *feeling* prompts,—bear this in mind,

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And pardon me! Cold were indeed my heart,
Thankless, unfeeling, could it here refrain
From paying this poor tribute to a Man
(With reverence to all others be it spoken!)
Who in pure zeal, unfeigned piety,
Honest exertions, *conscientious duty*,
Yielded to *none!* Undaunted in his course,
Firm at his post throughout a long campaign *,
He fought beneath the banners of his GOD,
A faithful soldier; bore his high commission
Alike through evil and through good report
Unsullied; and to his last feeble hour
Did honour to the sacred Gown he wore.

I had a FATHER once; *He* was that Man!
Reader! no Son's enthusiasm has here
Unduly sway'd my pen, nor filial love

* A period of *forty-two* years.

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Once pass'd the boundaries of *reality:*
I've told the grateful truth; and told *no more.*
Here fearless do I challenge Envy's self
To falsify my words; defy the blast
Of Slander's most pestiferous breath to shake
One tittle of their truth. Yes, honour'd Shade!
Thy virtues, tho' not trumpeted abroad
As those which deck the Great, nor puff'd and swell'd
By the wide mouth of Fame, *were* virtues still;
In thine own sphere thou didst as much as they
Who glitter in the highest. *Thou art gone!*
And now hast thy Reward.—Such was thy life,
Looking on *Thee,* RELIGION might stand up
To all the world with confidence, and say
" *This was a Christian Minister!*"

But cease
The mournful strain; so much at least was due

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From Son to such a Father. Let the Muse
Now ply her pristine task, and blithe return
Unto the COUNTRY CURATE's peaceful home.

His Ellen, faithful partner of his fate,
Ere she became his wife had oft been woo'd
With offers far more splendid; but her heart
Own'd him alone its lord; she heeded not
The glare of worldly wealth; celebrity
She wish'd not; Fashion's variegated scenes
Entic'd not her; two happy years have roll'd,
Since through a virtuous soul-confessing tear
Blushing she smil'd on a poor Curate's suit,
And gave her hand;—her heart was given before.

So lov'd this faithful pair. Then let not Wealth
Mock at their simple tale; let not the Proud
Deride their humble happiness: 'tis true

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Their portion is not large; large enough still
For Nature's wants; Content and rosy Health,
Connubial Love and Peace supply all else.

Blest state of *Marriage!* what tho' fools deride,
And profane scoffers turn from thy delights,
How do the good and tender court thy chains!
How rich in every comfort dost thou come
To those whom tried affection, not the spark
Of transient passion, dead as soon as born,
Leads to the sacred altar. Happy state!
Which tastes the joys of Friendship more refin'd,
More exquisite, more tender, where unite
In purest essence mutual love, esteem,
Warm sympathy and holy confidence,
Where soul meets soul, and wish encounters wish,
'Tis thine, tho' bitter be the cup of Life,
T'infuse a gladdening cordial in the draught;

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And e'en when pleasure tops the brimming bowl,
Thy pow'rful aid can give an added zest,
A new, a heighten'd relish to its sweets.

Fair picture how revers'd! (shame be to those
Who act a part in mockery so profane)
When Avarice, Pride, Ambition, Interest,
Or cold Convenience lights the nuptial torch:
Yet do examples reach th' indignant ear
Of victims forc'd, from motives such as these,
Into the sacred bands! Shame and remorse
Attend th' unnatural parent, or the man
Whoe'er he be, that does the *impious* deed!
Stare world! corrupt and *fashionable* world!
But *impious still it is*. The dew of Heaven
Descends not on *such* rites; but in its stead
Baneful suspicion, jealousy, mistrust,
Hate, strife, and variance wait th' ill-destin'd pair:

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Hence rears so frequent its audacious front,
Harden'd *Adultery! Hence* they, whom GOD
Hath in his holy Temple join'd together,
By Man are put asunder. *Hence Divorce,*
Actions, Appeals, and *Separate Maintenance*
Crowd our tribunals. *Hence* the injur'd Wife,
Too meek her wrongs to blazon to the world,
In secret pines; and, as her prattling boy
Asks for *his Father,* slow lets fall a tear
Of silent agony, which at the Day
Of solemn *Retribution* shall plead, more
Than thousand trumpet-tongued accusers could,
Against a guilty Husband!—Wits profane
And modish blockheads *hence,* exhausted rakes
And thoughtless libertines, revile *that State*
Which GOD Himself appointed; Who, while yet
Man walk'd in innocence, created *Woman;*
And, knitting them together, did thus teach

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By institution heavenly that Man
Father and Mother should henceforth forego,
And cleave unto his *Wife;* and that they twain
Thus join'd should be "one flesh, one heart, one soul *."

Some would-be *thought* religious the keen Bard
Obliquely strikes, who to GOD's House repair,
Not for sound doctrine, nor an added store
Of sacred knowledge, but with itching ears
For fine-ton'd organs and choice psalmody †.
Alas! how many of GOD's *Ministers*
With minds as little bent on heavenly things
Approach the hallowed threshold! Wiser they,
Than to waste time on that which promises

* MILTON.

† POPE, in his *Essay on Criticism*, says

——————— as some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the musick there.

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No worldly gain; MAMMON and GOD at once
They cannot serve; forsaken *one* must be,
The other follow'd; and in *their* account
MAMMON's the *better Master of the two!*
These priestly politicians hence hold forth,
Not to advance GOD's glory, but *their own;*
Ascend the pulpit, not in Virtue's cause,
But in the cause of their sole idol,—*Self;*
Not to shew truths divine unto their flock,
But their own splendid parts, the Doctors mount;
To rant in learned strain, and with hard words
Astound a gaping multitude, who think
He's a "*fine man*" they cannot *understand.*
Another sort, more faulty e'en than these,
Gallop full speed through Services, *forget*
A Prayer or two of inconvenient length;
Then for some *twenty* minutes at the last
(Should the Squire's dinner wait,—why *ten* will do,

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And GOD's work must be left for *higher* claims!)
These jockey Clerks go o'er at a long trot
A thing they call a Sermon; that perform'd,
Toss off the sacred garb which they disgrace,
Return unto their homes, and there carouse
For the whole week, 'till *Sunday*, a sad day
To them of irksome labour, comes again!

Oh shall these men be held as worthy stewards,
Good shepherds of the sheep beneath their care?
Shall some, with mere desire to play a part
Before an audience, talk some learned trash,
And study more to catch an hour's applause
Than save a soul,—shall others once a week
For form's sake gabble o'er some dozen prayers,
Mutter a text, read off some pilfer'd sheets,—
And shall such vain, such idle teachers still

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Be counted stable Pillars of the *Church*,
Fit Messengers of Grace from GOD to Man?

Shame on the shameless tribe! Oh let them learn
What are the duties which they owe their Flock,
Themselves, and their great MASTER; what the cares
Which call for their attention; the mild gifts
And graces *Christian* Ministers should shew;
(Clearest credentials these, and seal divine
Of their high Embassy!)—this let them learn,
If that their *Reverences* will stoop so low,
From a poor COUNTRY CURATE!

He, good man,
A living Sermon of the *Word* he preaches,
Extends his watchful cares alike to all;
Admonishes the poor, fearless reproves
The rich offender; cheers the humble heart,

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And tames the proud one: the lost guilty soul
He seeks, and with Religion's pow'rful charms
Woos it to Virtue's paths; pourtrays the joys
Of Saints and Angels in celestial choir
O'er one repentant sinner; and at length,
Arm'd with a dying SAVIOUR's promises
Of pardon and of peace, chases Despair,
Triumphs o'er Vice, and brings the wanderer home

The needy ever find in him a friend;
Yet will he not encourage guilty Sloth,
Nor idle Youth; 'tis on the sick, the maim'd,
The aged, and infirm, his ready mite
Is e'er bestow'd. He thinks it no hard task
(And if he *did*, still knowing, as he does,
That 'tis his *duty*, he would never shrink
From its performance) to attend the couch
Where Penury, Disease, or Sickness lies,

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Relieve their earthly wants, or soothing pour
The spiritual balm. The *death-bed* scene is his!
His is it to uplift the drooping soul,
To animate the weak, confirm the strong,
Display to the poor humble penitent
The brighter scenes which fill Eternity;
And, for the sorrows of this Life of care,
Hold out unfading and eternal joys,
Those of another and a better World.

At Church, his wish is not to court applause,
Nor to be call'd an orator; his aims
Are higher! high as is his great *reward!*
He knows much better what his duty is,
Than to indulge in fashionable *trick;*
Turn up his eyes, without a *thought* of Heaven,
Slow wipe away a tear—where *no tear was,*
Strain out a sigh, hit off an attitude,

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And *juggle with* SALVATION!—'Tis the *heart*
He seeks to captivate, and not the *eye*.
No! he remembers *where* he is; he knows
That he is *in the presence of his* GOD;
Within his holy Temple; and he knows
Christian Simplicity most fitting there.
His admonition, plain and chaste, is *felt*,
Not prais'd alone; he hears it not perhaps
Quoted and canvass'd in the drawing-room,
Amid the crowded levies of the Great;
But (to his heart a ten-fold recompense)
'Tis treasur'd in the cottage of the Poor.
He ne'er in popular and flowery phrase
Studies to dress his doctrine; Truths Divine
He knows can gain no real ornament,
No solid force from human *artifice:*
Convinc'd of *their own* force, he leaves th' effect
To higher Pow'r than earthly eloquence,

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To HIM Who can subdue the flintiest heart,
And cleanse it for a Temple to Himself!

His duty done, he hastens not away
To dinner with my Lord, nor humbler Squire;
Far other views are his. His own fireside,
Where sits the smiling sharer of his fate,
His highest earthly goal, holds out to him
The sweetest, best reward of every toil.

How will the Great World stare, when it is told
That pomp, and power, and wealth are but a source
Of woe to their possessors! Many feel
Th' assertion true; yet needs must wonder still
That, rich in what they term all "this world's goods,"
They yet want happiness. Deluded crew!
If your proud spirits will so condescend,

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Go, ask the COUNTRY CURATE, *what it is*
Which e'en across his little lowly cot
Casts such bright beams of bliss; go, ask him, why
The cheerful smile which frolicks on his brow
Should fly from your's;—He'll tell you, in *himself*
Lies, under Heaven, his source of happiness;
He'll tell you that he seeks it not abroad,
In the gay scenes of life; his comforts flow
From an unfailing, unpolluted spring,
His HOME! from that pure fountain of delight
Which ne'er grows dry,—*Domestick Harmony!*
Blessings, which ye and all your giddy train
Can never know;—Ye court the throng'd parade,
The brilliant rout, the crowded theatre,
Let Fashion summon,—every other care
And every duty summons you in vain;
Her louder trumpet drowns all other calls.

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How diff'rent glides the COUNTRY CURATE'S day,
How calm, how clear the current of his joys!
Blest with his Ellen, he surveys the world,
Its pomps and pleasures, with indifference:
Rich in *themselves*, they look for nought beyond them;
Each to the other is the dearest friend,
The bound of every wish. Their own fireside,
Their own domestick comforts, are to them
Far more alluring than the pageantry
Of courts or cities; their obscure abode
More priz'd by them than all the haunts of pride:
Health and Content go hand in hand with them;
They view their smiling boy, the sacred pledge
Of their affection, and with grateful hearts
Look up to Heaven, and bless their destiny.
Dear envied Pair! if solid Happiness
E'er visit earth, 'tis shelter'd *in your cot;*

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Where Love connubial and parental join
To form an earthly paradise.

O! THOU!
The Giver of all good, who view'st alike
The peasant and the prince, if in his course
Through this vain world thy Creature may presume
To mark out his own path, then let me tread
That of this humble Curate! Blest like him,
Like him thy faithful virtuous Minister,
May I, with the dear Elleh of *my* heart,
Pursue my noiseless way, enrich'd alone
With that best wealth,—*a virtuous Woman's Love,*
A quiet Conscience, and THY BLESSING ON US!

Such be my Life! While the unthinking crowd
Of *Fortune's* followers grasp at Wealth and Power,
I view the COUNTRY CURATE's pure delights,

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Send forth a wishful sigh, and fondly think,
Were such the happy lot of *me and mine*,
We'd bless the Hand which gave it, and desire
No happier, no higher portion our's.

Digitized by Google

THE SISTERS;

OR

THE TEST OF FASHION.

God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and you nick-name God's Creatures; and make your wantonness your ignorance. HAMLET.

Cries Curio,—Mark yon Sisters four, and say
Which most displays the force of *Fashion's* sway.

Immers'd in ointments, lotions, pastes, and varnish,
Cerussa tries her face's charms to garnish;
Each feature fix'd, no movement dares she trust;
Some fatal twist might crack th' enamel'd crust:

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While the gull'd father cries—" My pretty face!"
And hugs a painted doll in his embrace.

Vacilla, studious of her person's praise,
Distorts her little form a thousand ways;
Struts, wriggles, ambles, shakes her empty pate,
Walks this way, that way,—any way but *straight*.

But hark! what means that shrill hysterick cry?
" Oh! take away the beast, or I shall die;
" A snake! I've got a snake upon my arm!"
—A snake, *Tenella*? Banish your alarm,
'Tis but a *worm*!—" Well la! 'tis all the same;
" How should I know the filthy creature's name?"

Blæsa's " motht thure, whate'er thome folkth may preach,"—
Poor girl! she's got a sad defect in speech;

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—Defect! oh no, her organs sound remain,
But—"tith the mocking vulgar to thpeak plain."

Now then, cries Curio, quick your judgement whet,
And, having seen and heard the fair quartette,
Tell me, of these joint slaves to *Fashion's* sway,
Which most doth her omnipotence display?

Why truly, far as my poor wits can guide,
The question's pretty easy to decide:
Cerussa's plaster'd face is not uncommon,
For *false appearances* belong to Woman;
Nor does *Vacilla* much my wonder raise;
Do not all Women dearly love *odd ways?*
Tenella's worm turn'd *snake* amaz'd you view!
These transpositions, friend, are nothing new;
Our modish females, if I'm told aright,
Call *virtue, vice;* and turn the *day* to *night!*

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No, in my mind, fair *Blæsa* 'bove the rest
Displays of *Fashion's* pow'r the strongest test;
From various causes strange effects have sprung,
But who, save *Fashion*, e'er *clipp'd Woman's tongue?*

Right, replies Curio; and for *thith thmall thlit*
'Twas pity she'd not clipp'd a *larger* bit;
Since *Fashion* female tongues can thus inthrall,
Would 'twere the fashion—not to talk *at all!*

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TO *******.

FEBRUARY 14TH.

——————————— I would not wish
Any companion in the world, but You. TEMPEST.

Now that th'eventful morn appears,
Hail'd by each Lover's hopes and fears,
On which 'tis granted to the swain
Freely to tell his *woes*, his *pain*,
His *torments*, *racks*, *despair*;
To thunder out each mighty word,
Good, bad, appropriate or absurd,
To win th' obdurate Fair;

Let one who scorns such *forc'd* appeal,
Who feigns no flame he does not *feel*,

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Pour forth in rhymes which know not art
The genuine feelings of his heart,
Nor scorn the faithful youth;
His suit hath met thine ear before,
Perhaps, as thou dost look this o'er,
Thou dost remember—TRUTH *.

Thou know'st, *he* is not one of those
Who gather sweets from *ev'ry* rose;
His choice is fix'd on *one fair flow'r!*
A choice, not offspring of an hour,
Nor chang'd with ev'ry whim;
The picture *last year's pencil* drew
Is still, beloved *******, true;
Thou still art "all to him."

* Alluding to some lines sent, the preceding year, with that Signature.

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And oh wouldst thou but deign to hear
His honest suit with favring ear,
Wouldst thou but bless his little cot,
And share content the humble lot
Of one who knows no guile,
Then, let the world go as it will,
My *******, we'll be happy still,
Our fireside still shall smile.

Let *Fortune* smile, or let her frown,
Thee still my chiefest care I'll own;
Not dear alone while boldly strong
Our little bark shall glide along
Life's clear unruffled tide;
But when Affliction's storm shall low'r,
In that tempestuous, trying hour
Thou'lt find me by thy side.

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Mine the fond task, to stem for thee
The current of adversity;
Mine shall it be to lull each care,
And all thy bosom's sorrows share
'Till joy once more shall reign;
And when the storm blows loud and bleak,
And the tear trickles down thy cheek,
I'll kiss it off again.

And wilt thou then my suit approve?
Couldst thou be happy in my love?
Oh couldst thou in each dark'ning scene
Content on me for comfort lean,
My arm thine only stay?
Or when with brightest prospects blest,
Could Ackland add to these a zest,
And make them look *more* gay?

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Oh were the sweet assurance mine!
—But take, dear girl, th' unpolish'd line;
On my fond heart's effusions smile,
Nor, while thou read'st, regard the *style*,
A sorry one in sooth;
But let this best excuse be brought,
That ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought,
Is prompted, penn'd, by

TRUTH.

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THE MAN OF HONOUR.

——————— Quos cùm nihil refert pudet,
Ubi pudendum est, ibi deserit eos pudor,
Quum magis usus est ut pudeat. PLAUTUS.

When *Honour* is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of GOD and our Country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: but when the dictates of *Honour* are contrary to those of Religion and Equity, they are the greatest depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions, and false ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded and driven out as the bane and plague of Human Society. ADDISON.

YES 'tis he; mark where he goes,
The modern Man of Honour! of first rank
In Fashion's catalogue.—But why such haste?

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One minute, pray,—"No, 'pon his *honour*, no!
"Can't stop a second; his best friend Sir Charles
"Has done him so much *honour*, as to beg
"The *honour* of his company, at six,
"To"——What! A turtle-feast!—"No; *to exchange*
"*A brace of bullets!* and for all the world
"He would not fail the time."——Now this is he,
The *honourable* he, who, at a call
To shoot his friend or to debauch his wife,
Will never be found tardy: "*d——n it, no!*
"*His honour is at stake on such occasions.*"
But at an oft repeated suit to pay
Some starving tradesman,—"*What! confound him, no!*
"*'Tis not convenient; let the rascal wait;*
"*What means he, thus to bore a gentleman!*"
—To trample on divine and human laws,
Oppress his neighbour, or revile his God,

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This hero fears not; but should some foul chance
Detect him in an act of Charity,
Or on the inside of a Church,—he'd blush
To be accounted so *unfashionable!*
This is the man whom, knowledge not to have
In all that *Coachmen* aim at, not to judge
With critical sagacity and skill
A Horse-race, Cock-fight, or a Boxing match,
Would ruin past redemption in the world,
And stamp a very fool: whilst of the page
Of History or Science, of the Arts
Which men and nations raise, and (weightier far!)
Of GOD, and *his own Soul*, he knows not aught,
Nor aught to know aspires.——The portrait's drawn!
Drawn from the very life; behold the Man,
The *modern* Man, of *Honour!* Say ye then,
Ye connoisseurs, say, is the picture like?

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Is't faithful?—CHARITY would answer *No!*
Would say the features were too highly touch'd,
Too prominent;—but that best Critick, TRUTH,
Reluctant sets her seal on't, and declares
It is a *Likeness.*

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TO ******,

WITH A POCKET BOOK.

A HUMBLE gift indeed, my Love!
Yet spare the frown which would reprove,
As first the stranger meets your look;
You'll find it, tho' in value small,
A useful servant at your call,
Then take—a new year's *Pocket Book.*

Whate'er you wish to keep in mind,
Here let it be but safe consign'd,
Give it among these leaves a nook;
Tho' *mem'ry's* vivid pencil fail,
The *black lead* one will still avail
Within your little *Pocket Book.*

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Should you perchance e'er wish to know
How the *Great* world just then may go,
Who's Earl or Marquis, Lord or Duke,
In Parliament who holds a Seat,—
The information you will get
By ref'rence to your *Pocket Book*,

If saucy Hackney Coachmen swear,
And boldly stickle for a *fare*
Which well your spirit may not brook,
At once to end the wordy fight,
And shortly prove who's wrong, who's right,
Consult your little *Pocket Book*.

How Luna's monthly course will run;
The rise and setting of the Sun;
When first the crown each Sov'reign took;
Fasts, Feasts, and Birth-days; Kings and Queens;

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The Army, Navy; Bishops, Deans;
All mingle in the *Pocket Book.*

Such are the virtues it has got;
Then take it,—and ah let it not,
Tho' humble, meet with thy rebuke;
Do not upon thy Ackland frown,
For that so much he has laid down
About a paltry *Pocket Book;*

But as, whene'er I've offer'd aught,
That smile with winning sweetness fraught
Ne'er yet thy lovely face forsook,
So to my wishes still incline,
So smile too on *this* gift of mine,
Tho' 'tis but a poor *Pocket Book.*

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HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY IMITATED.

Vix ea nostra voco. OVID.

To be,

Or not to be, a *Gamester*—that's the question.
Whether 'tis better, in a sordid hovel
To bear the buffetings of adverse Fortune,
Or her own weapons to take up against her,
And, by a venture, end them?—To play,—to win,
And, by that winning too, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand corporal ills
That Want is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To play;—to win;—
To win! perchance to lose;—ay, there's the rub!

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For in our play what luck may chance to come,
When we have shuffled o'er th' eventful pack,
Must give us pause: There's the respect, that makes
Our poverty to be of so long life;
For who would bear the cares and pangs of want,
The rich man's scorn, the proud man's contumely,
The landlord's threats, the crying calls of hunger,
The insolence of creditors, the spurns
That begging paupers of the unfeeling take,
When he himself might his own fortune make
With a bare dice-box? Who would labour bear,
Or groan and sweat under a servile life,
But that the dread of something underhand,
Of sharpers leagued in combination vile,—
Those undiscovered harpies, from whose fangs
Few gamesters safe return,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than hazard others that we know not of?

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Thus Fortune does make cowards of us all;
And thus th' aspiring hand of Poverty
Is palsied by the withering blast of fear;
And would-be venturers of great glee and spirit,
With this regard, from BROOKES's turn aside,
And lose the name of *Gamesters*.

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LINES

WRITTEN IN *******'S MILTON.

O! RICH in ev'ry virtue of the heart
That can to outward charms a grace impart,
*******, my fair one! in whose *fairer* mind
Envy herself despairs a shade to find;
Whom outward grace and piety within
Proclaim another *Eve* in all but *sin*;
Oh had our common Parent but possess'd
That rigid sense of *right* which sways *thy* breast,
Had she, in other points resembling thee,
Like thee been arm'd with Virtue's panoply,
In vain had urg'd the "wily adder's*" tongue;
Eden had ne'er been lost, and MILTON ne'er had sung.

* PAR. LOST. *Book* IX. 625.

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STANZAS

Written under the Portrait of a *Butterfly*; which, in the depth of winter, was observed to settle on the head of a Lady, at that time lying dangerously ill.

Sweet *bodements*, good! MACBETH.

FAIR insect! whose resemblance here we view
Trac'd by the friendly artist's skilful hand,
A few dull lines another adds thereto,
Urg'd to the deed by *******'s lov'd command,
To tell that thou, poor Butterfly,
When others of thy species lie
Inanimate, didst find thy way
To the sad couch, where drooping lay

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The Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife ador'd,
A welcome harbinger of life and health restor'd.

Nor let the scornful smile of pedant pride
Be rais'd at him who thus records thy tale;
Let not each giggling wit the thought deride,
That thou couldst aught, in such an hour, avail;
—The mind, when sunk in deepest grief,
From *nothings* will extract relief;
Will catch at aught that lends a ray
To cheer the melancholy way;
And when the heart is nearly rent in twain,
A little *moth* may help to bind it up again.

So, by an anxious *Mother* first beheld,
Didst thou remove despair's tormenting sting;
Grief's overshadowing cloud then half dispell'd,
So didst thou come, with *healing on thy wing*.

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That e'en 'mid winter's piercing cold
Thou shouldst thy tender form unfold,
Shouldst reach the Invalid's sick bed,
And light on her unconscious head,
This 'twas which bade their hearts a transport know,
Who watch'd her couch before in speechless, hopeless woe.

Thou, when each friend beside the mournful bed
Was putting up a last, sad, silent prayer,
When Life's expiring embers seem'd to shed
The last, dull, feeble glimmer of despair,
Thou, on a sudden settling near,
A blessed omen didst appear
That, as the Spark of Vital Flame
Still quiver'd o'er her in *thy Name**,

* In the *Greek*, the same word, ΨΥΧΗ, only differently accented in the two instances, is used to express the *Soul*, and the insect which we call a *Butterfly*.

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So lurk'd there still in *her* a living ray,
To animate again its tenement of clay.

The sinking heart unto a rush will cling;
Such hope lit up the *Husband's* bright'ning eye,
When, like some Cherub borne on *Mercy's* wing,
Thou seem'dst to whisper soft—*She shall not die!*
For *this,* a kindred circle views
With grateful thought thy pencil'd hues;
And, while for many a future year
We look on thy resemblance here,
We'll think that *Thou,* blest messenger of Life,
First to our hopes gave back the Mother and the Wife.

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WRITTEN

DURING A THUNDER STORM.

JULY 14TH, 1810.

—— Ἰθύνει σκολιὸν, καὶ ἀγήνορα κάρφει
ΖΕΤΣ ὑψιβρεμέτης. HESIOD.

How awfully tremendous is the scene!
Darkness veils all, save where a vivid flash
Of blue electrick light in forked course
Darts frequent cross the eye, and opes to view
The jarring clouds; which, in concussion met,
Now rumble in hoarse murmurs o'er our heads

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Now, breaking out in angry open warfare,
Discharge their roaring thunder:—hark! that peal!
How grand, and yet how dreadful!—while the rain
Spouts down in torrents, and the air is thick
With pelting hailstones:—see that sheet of fire!
And hark how instantly almost succeeds
The burst of Heaven's artillery!—The storm
Is near us then. Now wake, ye listless souls,
Now bend, ye stubborn sinners; bow the knee
Before your GOD! *He* hurls the thunderbolt,
Frowns in the cloud, and threatens in the storm.
Thou, harden'd wretch, see'st thou that dreadful flash,
And fear'st thou not 'twill blast thee? Where, where now
Shall the proud *Atheist* hide himself? where now
His boasted courage? E'en the good must tremble;
E'en to the best how awful is the scene;

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To guilty minds how terrible!—O! THOU,
That dost bestride unseen the roaring blast,
Shrouding the brightness of thy majesty
In clouds and thickest darkness; O! great GOD!
That guidest these thy flaming ministers,
And bid'st them strike the sin-devoted head,
In THEE, with humble confidence, I trust
For safety; into THY ALMIGHTY HAND
I commit *these I love!*—And, as Thou teachest
To pray for *all*, let these thy *Signs* on earth
Carry conviction to the harden'd sinner,
And turn him to his GOD! Nor with the cause
Let die th' effect; not with the ceasing storm
Let each impression fade, which it produced;—
Thou wilt not thus be mock'd! Tho' merciful,
Yet art Thou just; and wilt not *always* spare:
—But, as the scene shall brighten to the view,
And each dark cloud disperse, so may the sinner

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Cast off the works of darkness; arm'd in light,
Burst through the clouds of guilt; and, hush'd the storms
Of conscience, pass the remnant of his days
In virtuous sunshine and unclouded peace.

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A

POETICAL DIALOGUE

WITH

A POLITICAL COLONEL.

—— What the People but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise? MILTON.

The greater, far the greater, number of those who rave and rail, and *inquire* and *accuse*, neither suspect, nor fear, nor care for the *Publick*; but hope to force their way to riches by virulence and invective; and are vehement and clamorous, only that they may be sooner hired to be silent. A man sometimes starts up a *Patriot*, merely by *disseminating discontent*, and *propagating reports* of *secret influence*, of *dangerous counsels*, of *violated rights*, and encroaching usurpation. ***** *He* is no lover of his country, that unnecessarily disturbs its

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peace. Few errors, and few faults of Government can justify an *appeal to the rabble*; who ought not to judge of what they cannot understand, and whose opinions are not propagated by reason, but *caught by contagion.* DR. JOHNSON.

I WOULD whisper, dear Colonel, some words in your ear;
Tho' you'll call me officious and meddling, I fear:
But remember, the man who eternally uses
The specious pretext of "detecting abuses,"
To pry into every action and place,
Will call *others* officious with very bad grace.

To begin then,—and, ere the Muse further proceeds,
Do not think she withholds her applause of your deeds;
Far be it from her to deny you the fame
Which your "spirited conduct" so justly must claim:
Full well she remembers, full loud will she sing,
How you enter'd the lists 'gainst the Son of your K——;

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How, nobly despising all conscience, all shame,
All honour, all truth, you pursued your bright aim;
How, scorning the feelings of K—gs and of Q—ns,
You employ'd knaves and strumpets—no matter *what* means,
And, spite of the ministry, justice and laws,
Stood unblushing, undaunted, and gain'd the great cause.
Nor ceas'd your exertions, your vigilance here;
They still unremitting as ever appear:
In quest of abuses, heroick and wise,
All paltry distinctions of rank you despise;
And can skip—*presto! pass!*—(*honest* zeal so alert is)
From Field Marshal Y——K down to Corporal C—T—S!
Boast all ye *Reformers!* Ye *Patriots* boast!
For W——, the watchman, is still at his post:
Still with zeal unabated to England he shews
Her manifold wrongs, and her manifold woes;

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And with true *patriot* warmth thinks the Land of our birth
The most worthless, degraded, most wretched on earth.
Yes W———! with joy does the Muse in her lays
Award thee this nobly-earn'd tribute of praise:
'Tis true there are *some*,—(ev'rywhere there are asses)—
Who think *their own* country all others surpasses;
Who, content to have things in the old-fashion'd way,
Revolution don't wish; for *Reform* do not bray:
Some loyal old prigs too—(I've *heard* such a thing)—
Who love and revere, nay would die for their *King!*

Poor idiots!—but let's quit the subject, I pray,
I have something of far more importance to say;
I admire, my dear Colonel, the course which you've run,
I acknowledge most readily all you have done;

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But still I would ask—(should my freedom offend,
You'll impute it, I trust, to the zeal of a friend)—
What it was, which first bade you kick up such a riot;
What it is, which, e'en now, will ne'er let you be quiet;
Come, at once as a friend (and I'm sure you've *few* warmer)
Let me know the grand cause which made *you* a *Reformer*.

Eh, what's that you whisper? oh—"*Int'rest!*"—I hear;
"Hush, hush, not so loud pray;"—Why what should you fear?
"Oh nothing; no, nothing;—but should it get *known*,
"It might not be so well: *'twas* my Int'rest, I own.
"As to what in the ears of the People I ring,
"Of *justice* and *laws*, and that there sort of thing,
"It may do very well just to take in a *flat*;
"But *Patriots*, dear sir, know much better than that.

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" Some folks are soon gull'd, as full well you and I
" know;
" You remember how nicely I handled the *rhino;*
" The *Subscription* I mean,"—Yes, I quite understand;
That certainly was a first-rate *sleight of hand:*
" —Well then surely you'll own, after what has been
" said,
" That, as times go, a *Patriot*'s an excellent *trade:*
" And then when each City and Town Corporation,
" For my *noble exertions against peculation,*
" In a gold Box presented my *well-deserv'd* Freedom,
" With Addresses—(oh who could have patience to read
" 'em?)—
" I talk'd of—how deeply their kindness I felt,
" How unworthily—*(true enough that)* it was dealt;
" Swore their int'rest to me was more dear than my
" own,
" That the day was the proudest I ever had known;—

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"They swallow'd it all! I, like a sly fox,

"Car'd not for their *Freedom*;—I valued the *Box!*

"In short, as I once have already confess'd,

"A *Patriot's* I found of all trades was the best;

"And thus you've my answer to what you requir'd,

"How first I became with such ardour inspir'd:

"So be cautious, I beg, or you'll ruin me quite;

"I've already some fears of that d—nd rascal W——T!

"Yet, the People's applauses, I think, have so fenc'd me,

"No Jury will *dare* * give a Verdict *against me.*"

* *O! tempora; O! mores!* In the face of this prediction, twelve men have actually been found, who have had the insolent audacity to regard their *oaths* more than the redoubted Colonel's popularity; and *have* accordingly "*dared* to give a Verdict *against him!*"

"Oh what men *dare* do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!"——This quotation is from one of SHAKSPEARE's Plays, the Title of which is peculiarly appropriate to this modern hero of *Inquiry* and *Investigation*;—viz. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING!

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Well, I thank you, dear Colonel, for all you have told me,
(Which I shrewdly suspected) and hope you'll not scold me,
If the subsequent lines should be not over nice
In giving you freely some grains of advice.
To be plain then,—the fame which so dearly you prize
All but *Patriots*, or madmen and fools, would despise:
The praise of the People! the People! alack
'Tis as threadbare and thin as the coat on your back!
And perhaps before long you may learn, to your sorrow,
Whom they worship to-day they'll abandon to-morrow:
And what, after all, is your newly-bought fame?
And who are the worthies that trumpet your name?
—A graceless, a senseless, unprincipled crew,
Who wish just as well to their country as—*you!*
Who rant, as they *say* for the good of the land,
About things they ne'er did nor e'er will understand:

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I'll grant you may C———'s applauses engage,
And spin out awhile his *pure patriot* page;
You may serve him for *one* year perhaps as a text;
But what then?—The apostate will d—n you the *next.*
There's the *Baronet* too, that most wonderful man!
Ever talking of *rights,* yet does *wrong* all he can;
Exulting you brag that *his* praises you've had;
And pray what of them? they're worth nothing;—*he's mad!*
So alike all the rest of your *patriot* crew;
None but madmen *(or* t———rs) would act *as they do.*
Then attend, my dear Colonel, a friend's admonition,
Nor longer pursue the black path of Sedition;
You may shine in the files of each jacobin Paper;
Nay shine in a speech from the patriot *Draper!*
That sage *Jack of all trades,* who cuts up so keen
Dowlas, Ministers, tape, Gen'rals, Lords, bombasin!

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Who, in *one* pursuit scorning his talents to mure up,
Now measures a lace, and now measures all Europe!
Who, resolv'd to have irons enough in the fire,
Is at once Common Councilman, Draper, Esquire!
A Gen'ral profound, to whom MOORE was a fool,
To whom WELLINGTON e'en should be order'd to school;
A Statesman consummate, who turns up his nose
At your PERCEVALS, PITTS, and such blockheads as those!
Censor-gen'ral all Ministers' follies to chide at,
And Land-Tax Receiver——no! *that* he but *tried at*;
An Orator, fam'd for his twists and his tropes;
And Member of Parl——— no, not yet!—but *in hopes!*
To return,—tho', dear Colonel, this modern world's wonder
His mighty protection hath taken you under,

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Yet there *may* come a time when e'en *Patriots* will fall;
Then down come "Addresses," "Thanks,"—"*Boxes*" and all!

Yes, I grieve to declare, I foresee stormy weather
Which will blow away you and your laurels together.

"Well, well, but suppose all you say to be true,
"And that dang'rous and dirty's the path I pursue,
"Tho' my fame, as you prophesy, should not long last,
"The Subscription! the money!—You know I've *that* "fast."

Yes! there of your trade you have shewn yourself master;
You have there for all bruises a sovereign plaster;
But e'en the Subscription will not last for ever,
And you'll ne'er get another; no; never, Sir, never!

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'Tis unlucky that *gold* should be with you scant;
There *are* metals of which you have plainly no want:
For, judging from what you have done and have said,
I should fancy your atticks well furnish'd with *lead;*
And no one, I'm sure, can exist such an ass,
As not to discern that you've plenty of *brass:*
However, dame Fortune is often unkind;
Sometimes to a *Patriot* even is blind!
So that really I think, after all that's been said,
You had better, dear Colonel, *retire from the trade;*
Cut *Rights* and *Reform,*—in short, be a new man;
And turn honest and loyal and wise,—*if you can!*

I leave you to settle what course to pursue,
And am your's, my dear Colonel, etcet'ra;—adieu!

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LINES,

On hearing the Question asked, respecting certain modern Officers,—"*What is their use?*"

There are some of them, an't please your honour, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade.

FIELDING.

Their use?—'Tis this. To strut in scarlet pride,
With a smart sabre dangling at their side;
Heel-sounding boots o'er the smooth pavement cracking,
And duly trimm'd with *Turner's Brunswick Blacking;*
To take especial care no dirt should soil 'em,
For that—oh dear! that would completely spoil 'em;
Insult all females whom *alone* they meet,
Look fierce, talk big, laugh loud, and smell *so* sweet!
Day spend in trifling, in excess the night,
Drink, swear, dress, gamble,—anything but *fight*.

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ON

THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,

JANUARY 23, 1806.

Patriæ caritate, servitii odio, libertatis æstu instinctus, nihil valebat nisi excelsum, nisi sublime, sine ullo privatæ utilitatis studio, ob patriam tantùm et publicam rem, cogitare; nihil humile, nihil abjectum eloqui poterat. TACITUS.

——————————— Unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. MILTON.

HARK! 'tis the bell of death! with solemn swell
Slowly it beats, Fate's awful news to tell;

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Whilst Echo, welcome to each hostile shore,
Conveys the sound, that PITT *exists no more!*

Alas! and is that head so soon laid low?
Was no good angel by, to ward the blow?
Grim king of terrors! heard'st thou BRITAIN's wail?
Could nought a weeping Nation's prayers avail?
Ruthless destroyer, no! thy stern command
Mocks the vain griefs of an afflicted Land:
Unrivall'd talents join'd to vig'rous sense,
Unshaken courage, manly eloquence,
All in one inauspicious hour are gone;
With PITT they sleep beneath the cold grave-stone.
Illustrious soul! if these, if aught, could save,
Thou hadst not sunk in this untimely grave;
If, worshipp'd by thee from thy earliest youth,
Untarnish'd *Honour* and undaunted *Truth*

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Could aught have pleaded for their fav'rite child,
Thou still hadst liv'd, and ALBION still had smil'd;
But no! In vengeance to a guilty Land,
Th'ALMIGHTY lifted up his chast'ning Hand,
(Sent forth in wrath against th'unfruitful tree)
And, in sore judgement, let it fall on *Thee!*

And Thou art gone then! BRITAIN's proudest boast!
Gone when thy widow'd Country wants thee most.
The honest heart where native ardour blaz'd;
The piercing eye which awe-struck foes amaz'd;
The patriot's pow'rful tongue, whose siren sway
Could charm foul Faction's jarring fiends away;
Whose magick force appall'd the guilty soul,
And held admiring Senates in controul;
The energetick hand, the tow'ring mind,
By Int'rest's sordid fetters unconfin'd;

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For these in vain we heave the wishful sigh,
In PITT at once they liv'd, with PITT they die!

Lamented Patriot! BRITAIN's strongest shield,
The skill'd Physician which her sickness heal'd;
Whose words, whose counsels purest zeal inspir'd,
By foes respected, and by friends admir'd;
Unknown to bend to Titles or to Pow'r,
Or change thy tenets with the changing hour;
Who still secure through ev'ry gale could'st steer,
Stranger alike to rashness and to fear;
To whom no meaner thoughts of *self* were known,
Who in thy Country's int'rest *lost thine own;*
Uncaught by Pleasure's or by Flatt'ry's lure,
Sound 'midst Disease, amidst Corruption pure,
And 'mongst a Nation's coffers proudly poor!
Blest Shade, farewell! great CHATHAM's true-born Son,
Thy short, but glorious, race of Life is run!

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Stern Death, with rapid stride advancing near,
Check'd in its midway course thy bright career;
His envious hand the deadly shaft did aim,
Swift and unerring to the mark it came;
With force resistless struck the sacred head,
And laid its mighty Victim 'mongst the dead!

Not so thy Fame. *That* shall his pow'r defy;
Thy name, thy deeds, thy virtues *ne'er shall die:*
Enshrin'd in ev'ry BRITON's grateful breast,
These still shall live; and, living, still be bless'd:
That *Country* which, alive, was all thy care,
Which, dying, prompted thy last falt'ring prayer,
With pious love shall consecrate thy Name;
To future ages shall record thy Fame:
And when her sons a *Model* shall demand,
By which they best may serve their native Land,
For ev'ry trial, ev'ry season fit,
She'll drop a grateful tear,—and point to PITT!

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THE ATHEIST.

Doubtless there is a GOD! PSALMS OF DAVID.

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and Alcoran, than that this Universal Frame is without a Mind.

BACON.

——WHAT sounds were those that cross'd mine ear?
Some madman's ravings! for it cannot be
That notions such as those could e'er inhabit
In the sound mind; poor forlorn maniac!
Methought he said there was *no* GOD, Horatio!
Alas his wits are fled——ha! what! thou look'st,
Nay on my soul thou dost, as thou would'st say
That he has faculties like other men,

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And is distemper'd only in my fancy!
Fye on't, it cannot be; it must not, shall not;
Dost thou believe, Horatio, that the mind
Which Reason's lamp illumines can think thus?
That rational reflecting Man can view
Nature alive around him; can survey
This Universal Frame, this vast Machine,
With all its complicate component parts,
Confederate links of one great chain of Being,
Held in exactest poize,—can he do this,
And doubt th' existence of one grand FIRST CAUSE,
Which call'd up countless worlds from the abyss,
Bade Darkness fly his presence, and be *Light*,
And order'd shapeless Chaos into Form?
Can he behold the varied Seasons roll
In certain revolution; can he mark
The Sun's diurnal course; can he survey
Himself, his own proud *self*, so fearfully

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And wonderfully made *; nay can he view
A blade of grass shoot, or a pismire crawl,
—And *question the existence of a* GOD?
Ye Heavens, Earth, Sea, and all that in you is,
Rise! rise in judgement 'gainst this lump of clay,
And bid it own its MAKER!——Fye, Horatio,
Thou wast but jesting with me; *Sanity*
Ne'er utter'd sounds like those. I'll not believe it;
It were a libel on Humanity
To write it in one's thoughts against a Man.
What! not disorder'd in his mind, and say
There was *no* GOD!——It cannot be, Horatio,
It cannot be.

* I am fearfully and wonderfully made.
PSALMS OF DAVID.

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THE UNIVERSAL POWER OF GOLD.

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold——

* * * * * * * * * * * *

——————— will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you Gods! why this? what this you Gods? why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the waped widow wed again.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

O! THOU, in ev'ry form and shape ador'd,
Bound by whose spells the mightiest are controll'd;
Thou who alike canst sheathe or draw the sword,
Pow'r universal, all-subduing *Gold!*

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Thee the proud monarch and the peasant swain,
The hoary sage and beardless youth obey;
Vigour and Health, Decrepitude and Pain,
All own the force of *Gold's* unbounded sway.

Behold the Priest, who late so strenuous fought,
Beneath his SAVIOUR's banners nobly bold,
At once renounce the doctrines which he taught,
Deny his Faith, and pawn his GOD for *Gold!*

Yon sturdy Patriot, who so loudly swore
'Till death he'd guard the Country he ador'd,
Now guides invading legions to its shore!
A *golden scabbard* holds his harmless sword.

In faction skill'd, in politicks unlearn'd,
Sir Fungus wherefore should the Senate hold?

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The votes were *gilded*, which this knight return'd;
He *represents*—th' omnipotence of *Gold*.

Grave sits the Judge, with wig-encircled face;
"*I come for justice!*"—now his ear assails:
Justice? well, let me see,—I'll *weigh* your case,
But you must bring a pair of *golden scales*.

Conning that brief which brings the largest fee,
Yon Couns'llor view, in *Coke* and *Blackstone* bold;
A second Midas sure! For trust him, he
Ne'er touches aught that does not turn to *Gold*.

Next comes the Doctor; with unruffled ease
Are scores of dead and dying patients view'd:
What is't to him? he still secures his fees,
Pockets the *Gold*—but first takes care 'tis *good*.

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Observe yon hoary Miser 'midst his bags,
Counting once more the heaps so often told;
Lives he the better? no, he lives in rags;
But then he looks at them and sees they're *Gold.*

Made up of bows and smiles that Courtier view,
Eager the shoes of Royalty to lick!
Scorn and contempt alone can be his due;—
Oh no! my Lord looks up to the *gold Stick.*

Sad Stella to her dying husband swears
No chains but his her constant heart shall hold;
But lo! a *second* husband's soon she wears,
For why?—the chains *he* offers are of *Gold.*

Lo! where the Servant, who for many a year
Ne'er own'd a thought his master to betray,

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With midnight dagger——Why so shock'd appear?
Gold's now his master; must he not obey?

The landsman braves the perils of the Sea,
In quest of wealth 'gainst ev'ry danger bold;
He fears nor rocks nor tempests,—no not he!
The needle of his compass points to *Gold*.

The bounty lures; th' unwary rustick caught
Enlists; a thousand airy castles built!
True, the wing'd bullet, with Death's summons fraught,
May reach his heart,—but then 'twill reach it *gilt*.

With matchless front yon female Witness see,
Doubtless in conscious truth and virtue bold;
Black's black with us plain souls; but, bless you! *she*
Will make it white, green, anything—for *Gold*.

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Mark that apostate Pen, which once aspir'd
To better things, to vilest falsehood sink,
Bepraising those whom once it most bemir'd;—
Ask you the cause?—'tis dipp'd in *golden ink*.

Mark him so pious, telling o'er his beads;
Useful a Trader he, as ever sold!
Steal, kill, blaspheme,—no matter *what* your deeds,
He'll sell you Peace and Pardon too for *Gold*.

Fast bound by Friendship's ties behold yon pair,
Heart meeting heart, and hand compress'd in hand;
Now view them mortal foes!—your wonder spare,
For *golden scissars* cut the Gordian band.

Think'st thou affection lights yon Lover's flame,
And that those fires of his will ne'er grow cold?

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Alas he knows not e'en affection's name;
The shaft that pierc'd his heart was tipp'd with *Gold*.

Watch where with daring steps those Murd'rers go,
Fearful alone lest they the prey should miss;
Their victims seiz'd, they strike the fatal blow,
And sell *a future World*—for *Gold* in *this!*

Spell-binding Pow'r! behold thy duteous slaves!
Priests, Patriots, Lovers, Cowards, Heroes bold,
Murd'rers, Physicians, Courtiers, Lawyers, Knaves,
All bow before one common despot,——*Gold!*

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A FEW PARTING WORDS

ADDRESSED TO

THE PATRONS, VICE PATRONS*, AND OTHER MEMBERS

OF

THE SOCIETY OF MODERN PATRIOTS.

Some *Patriot* fools to pop'lar praise aspire,
Or public speeches, which worse fools admire. DRYDEN.

The Quacks in Politicks a *Change* advise. SOMERVILE.

YE far-fam'd Members of the PATRIOT Band,
The doughty champions of this *wretched* Land;

* This term may perhaps here signify, as applied to the persons in question,—" *Patrons of Vice!*"

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Ye who alike can ev'ry subject reach,
Alike on ev'ry topick——*make a speech*;
Whose tongues are foremost for your Country's good
To talk of—things ye never understood;
What is't ye seek? The Pill'ry ye may gain,
Without so much ado your lungs to strain;
Ye do not look for *Pension* nor for *Place*,—
Oh no! ye hold such things a foul disgrace;
And yet—(your secrets if my bluntness rifles,
Forgive me;—ye yourselves ne'er stick at trifles)—
I'm told, d'ye know, that, while ye rail so lusty,
The grapes——enough! "the proverb's somewhat musty*."
In some folk's minds—(I've heard a bird so sing)—
Receiver Gen'ralship's a good-ish thing;
And tho' a man, I mean a *Patriot*, tries
Through bribes, false witnesses, and perjuries,

* Hamlet.

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To build his own by stabbing Princes' fame,
Advance his int'rest and exalt his name,
And, after all, with honest men does neither,
Still a *Subscription's* no such bad thing either.
At *Crown and Anchor* too in crowds to dine,
Rail against Laws, toast t———rs;—how divine!
Your steeds unharness'd by a shouting band,
And ev'ry tinker lend a helping hand
To drag you thither!—oh how great! how grand!

Nay, now I see you frown, as ye would say—
"These things to *us* attraction none display!"
Your pardon, Gents. then for this long digression,
Truly your zeal doth pose me past expression;
For, if these things *be* worthless in your eyes,
If *Place* and *Pension* ye so much despise,
What seek ye all?—"*Our country's good!*" ye'll say;
But pardon me if I should tell you—*Nay!*

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Think ye, ye factious discontented crew,
Your Country's good depends on *such as you?*
O! luckless Land! were such indeed thy state,
Were men like these the rulers of thy fate;
But no! their plans, their hopes, their aims are known;
They seek not ENGLAND's Int'rest, but—*their own.*
They'd sink the ship; and, rais'd upon its wreck,
Climb to the Pow'r they now profess to check!
Such the dark purpose of their patriot hearts,
And *such* the secret spring of secret arts;
For *this,* like snarling curs, from morn to night
They growl, and bark,—and, if they *could,* would *bite!*
For *this,* they talk of "the impending storm,"
For *this,* they roar and bellow for *Reform;*
For *this,* they speechify, pen *Requisitions,*
Remonstrances, Addresses, and *Petitions;*
For *this,* that never-failing darling cry
Of—"*A corrupt and wicked Ministry!*"

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For *this*, they rant of *Liberty*, and *Laws*,
The Constitution, and *the People's Cause;*
For *Rights*, for *Freedom*, and for *Justice* bawl;
THEIR SELVES AT HEART THE GREATEST FOES TO ALL!
Their *Country's* name but us'd as a disguise
To cloak their *real* motives from our eyes,
They grieve not for the fancied ILLS they see;
They grieve to see it——IN PROSPERITY!

Yes, happy Spot! where Freedom's flag unfurl'd
Triumphant flies, amidst *a fetter'd World!*
These are the men who, more than foreign foes,
Aim from its stem to pluck fair ENGLAND'S *Rose;*
To nip its healthful buds as they expand,
And scatter desolation o'er the Land.

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But Heav'n forefend the deed! yes, ye mad crew,
And shield us ever from such *Friends* as you!
We want NO *Change*;—the Plant *as 'tis* will thrive—
And least of all SUCH *Change*——*as Ye would give* *.

* Go, tell our enemies we want *no* change;
And least of all *such* change as *they would bring us*.
SHERIDAN'S *Pizarro*.

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CONCLUSION.

——— Oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

KING JOHN.

HAS no one e'er made observation,
'Mongst an impatient congregation,
Complaining, fretting, yawning, dozing,
At some dull Preacher's hacknied prosing,
What joy in ev'ry face has stood
At the glad sound——"*Now to conclude?*"

Reader! any emblem to apply,
When on this page you cast your eye,

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And see—CONCLUSION!—at that name
Methinks *your* joy will be *the same.*

But let's *suppose* the Preacher stood,
Spite of the promis'd—" *To conclude,*"
His hearers still resolv'd to *bore,*
And made them sit some half hour more;
—" *Suppose!*—Why then they'd lose all patience;
" *I should,* I'm sure, at such vexations."——
Kind reader, thanks! I take your hint,
And truly there 's much wisdom in't;
But some five minutes more, so please you,
And your dull poet will release you;
Nor, like the Preacher, longer *bore*
Those who were vex'd and tir'd before.

'Tis true, I once had thought it right,
Ere I dismiss'd the reader quite,

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To whisper something in his ear
In favour of my bantling here;
But, says my *Motto*, sapient nurse!
Excuses will but make bad, worse;
Mark too where sits yon *Critick* bluff,
And cries—" Already we've enough
" Of his vile milk and water stuff;"
Another see, who did but peep
At one short page, is—*fast asleep!*
—Well then, my Book, no more be said;
But go, thy doubtful journey tread,
With all thy faults upon thy head!

To you alone (if such there be)
Whose fav'ring partiality
Has bid you with more lenient sway
Pass sentence on my poor *bouquet;*

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Who here and there can e'en disclose
Amidst its *weeds* a straggling *rose*;
To you, my persevering friend,
Who've read with patience to the end;
Nor long ago, with scornful ire,
Given my volume to the fire,
This only would its author say,
And end at once the tedious lay,
That *you*, perhaps, will not refuse
The *thanks* of an untutor'd muse,
Nor careless nor too fond of fame,
Well-pleas'd to praise, yet free to blame;
Averse to flatter, or offend;
Faulty, but not too vain to mend *.

* These four lines are altered from POPE.
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.
Essay on Criticism.

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All ye then who his page peruse,
This boon a youthful writer sues;
Do not some *patient* moments grudge,
With temper read, with candour *judge*.

And now, no more to sing or say,
Reader, farewell!—so ends the lay.
—Methinks I hear you cry *huzza!*
And, after *sermon* such as mine is,
Hail with delight the welcome——FINIS*.

* This volume is now at an end. With regard to its contents, the worst that can be said of them is, that the execution is not equal to the design: for, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, "that I have *intended* well, I have the attestation of my own heart." One observation, however, I wish to make; inasmuch as, I am aware, there are some, to

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whom it may appear necessary.—Such parts of this collection as may be called *political*, some readers will perhaps be inclined to censure, as being too violent. It may be so. For I confess that I find it difficult to confine either my thoughts or my expressions within any moderate bounds, when,—highly favoured as this Country is, beyond all others, in the undisturbed possession of its Liberties, and in the upright administration of its Laws; in the exercise of the purest of Religions, and in the government of the best of Kings;—there still are to be found men who, insensible to the "golden vantages" which they here enjoy, pursue a *systematick* strain of malignant murmurings and revilings against every lawful and wholesome Authority; men who, under the mask of *Patriotism*, would gnaw the vitals of their Country; and who, with the plausible pretext of *repairing* the Constitution, would pull down its strongest buttresses, would sap its very foundation, and lay the whole fabrick in ruins; men who, by odious insinuations and unwarranted assertions, by mischievous rumour and turbulent declamation endeavour to work upon the evil propensities and ungoverned passions of a *Mob*; men, in short, who,

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infamously zealous in an infamous cause, *labour* to fill the ranks of the seditious, and to set up the standard of Discontent and Disaffection.—All who feel *as I do* on this subject—(and what real wellwisher to his Country or to his King, to his Home or to his Family, can feel *otherwise?*)—will

"Excuse my transports on a theme like this;"

And do me the justice to believe that, if I have sometimes infringed the laws of ceremonious nicety and formal *etiquette*, the trespass has been committed through an eager, and I trust an honest, desire (as far as my feeble powers could prevail) to rouse the listless, to convince the incredulous, and to caution *all*, by unmasking the foul designs of their *unnatural* countrymen. In doing this, and in the language which I have used, I may perhaps have broken down the pale of fastidious *punctilio;* as, when a Building is threatened by Fire, we scruple not to *burst open* the doors and warn its slumbering inhabitants of their danger.

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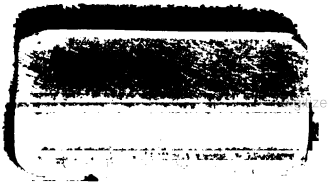

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